



From a painting by Gilbert Gaul.

"THE CAPTAIN."



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The Quarterly Illustrator

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AN AMERICAN MILITARY ARTIST.

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

(With original illustrations by Gilbert Gaul.)



"TORCH-BEARERS."

GILBERT GAUL—one of the best known of our American illustrators as well as of painters in oil, who has gained renown in the treatment of two almost distinct classes of figure subjects—must have been born, one would think, with a brush in his hand and a pencil behind his ear, so clever is he in the handling of those artistic implements, and so natural to him seems their use.

He began painting at a very early age; and it was a good while ago that I saw the first of his pictures, which comes back to me as having made an impression that has not since been effaced. He was then already a skilled exhibitor at the Academy. This picture (the title of which I cannot give with certainty, though it may have been something like "The Color Guard") represented an episode of stub-



"WINTER SPORT."

born fighting in some battle of the Civil War. A broken line or group of Union soldiers, evidently hard pressed, was seen facing—if I recollect rightly—the spectator, who thus occupied the position of the supposed attacking force. The attack was not shown in the picture, or at most was barely indicated. The defenders were the whole subject: they only were placed before us, powder-stained, resolute, firing, reloading, or grasping their weapons in expectancy of closer combat, and evidently determined to sell their lives dearly or retreat only when overpowered. From the presentation of this one side of the fight, the other side could be realized easily and with great intensity. The picture, therefore, in addition to its merits of drawing, painting, vividness, and character, was a fine instance of imaginative power and



"A WELCOME DRAUGHT."

also of the power of exciting imagination in the beholder.

If I refer now to a poem of mine, it is as a connecting link between Mr. Gaul's painting and his black-and-white illustrative work. This poem, "Marthy Virginia's Hand," for which he made a drawing, appeared in *The Century Magazine* some three years since. It related an actual incident of the war; how a Confederate soldier was found dead in a strip of woods on the battlefield of Antietam, grasping a letter in which his wife had told of the birth of a baby and had made a tracing of the



"NIGHT IN CAMP."



"THE SHARP-SHOOTER."



"ON THE TRAIL."

child's hand on the paper. In his illustration Mr. Gaul depicted the soldier lying dead there, neglected, amid the trees, near a mossy rock; the tangled rootlets and thick, small branches, the glints of sunlight, the shattered gun, and the leaves and twigs flung down about him by a shell which had burst there, all adding to the grimness and pathos for which his war scenes are remarkable.

But, as has been hinted, Mr.

Gaul is by no means confined to this sort of theme, and is, indeed, distinguished in two "lines," as we sometimes call them. It is true, I think, that he has by nature a special *penchant* for these severe and sad yet highly picturesque and stirring realities of armed combat. Yet he is also extremely apt and graphic in the delineation of more peaceful domestic scenes involving both earnestness and humor, brightened by the costume and the romance of a century's antiquity, or belonging to the



"THE WATER SELLER."



"THE CONFEDERATE RAFT."



"SCOUTING."

although they often had a spice of tempered wit.

It is the ability of Mr. Gaul to portray things opposite in themselves, and not only to draw the contrast, but also to emphasize it by his treatment, which gives him a mastery of *genre*—that is, of dealing with subjects that may be rated as exemplifying a "species," a "kind," or to take another word, "the characteristic." He knows how to seize a character in many of its bearings at once, and to give it the proper accent.

The manner in which he uses landscape detail in some of his work is also very effective. Evidently the result of careful study, and, like many of his touches in the elaborating of figures, subtle in resources of art, it never loses that energy and solidity which pervade his illustrations. See, for example, his drawings for "Personal Impressions of Nicaragua," where he accompanied himself with the pen, supplying his own text.

vigorous out-door and in-door reality of to-day. Seldom does one find the genius for reproducing military phases united with so versatile a faculty as Mr. Gaul's for picturing, in his illustrations, glimpses of daily human life in a variety of surroundings.

Meissonier prided himself upon his military achievements—on canvas; but his military pieces had not the true war-like quality; they merely multiplied the polished little men of his interior scenes, and transferred them out-of-doors. Nor did his "interiors" contain much diversity of human traits, or genuine feeling and humor,



"TOP OF THE CLIFF."

The "Parrot Sellers at Corinto," in that little group of sketches, is very striking in its combination of boats, outspread bird-wings, the weird hooded figure of a woman standing upright, and the swirl and stretch of moving waters. So, too, one may find a good deal of his various skill in his pictorial contributions to Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Old Portsmouth Profiles."

Mr. Gaul's work, often spirited, is always forcible and interesting. Moreover, while by no means a *poseur* in art or given over to any

special
fashion
or school,
he has a
h a p p y
faculty of
posing his

subjects from unexpected points of view, bringing out their value at once by a bold stroke, often in a way which at first one would hardly have thought he would venture, yet a way that proves to be natural as well as effective.



"THE DOORWAY."



"A WEST INDIAN MOTHER."



"A PLAIN NARRATIVE."



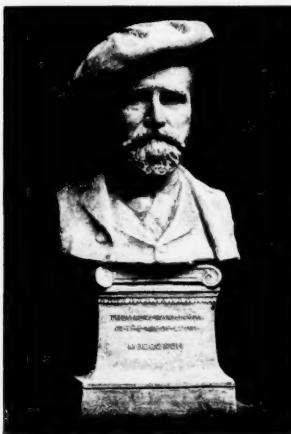
Drawn by Frank Fowler.

"MUSIC AND DANCING."

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

BY JOHN GILMER SPEED.

(With Original Illustrations by Prominent Members.)



By J. S. Hartley.

BUST OF T. W. WOOD.

an artist. This anecdote illustrates the attitude of the rich and influential among the merchants of New York towards art and artists when the National Academy was born. Previous to 1826, the year alluded to, there had been for something like twenty years an American Academy of Fine Arts in New York, but this had not been managed

THE people in America may have had a high regard for abstract art sixty-seven years ago, when the National Academy of Design came into existence as the successor of the New York Drawing Association, but artists themselves were not held in great esteem by the rich merchants who formed the bourgeois society of the metropolis in the earlier years of the century. A chronicler of those times has told how a young artist made love to the daughter of one of those haughty merchants. She listened favorably to his suit, but her father was dreadfully scandalized. Such an alliance—the daughter of a tradesman with a mere artist—was a disgrace to the merchant's family. He could not be reconciled to the union until he was assured by an authority in whom he had confidence that the young man was not very much of



From a painting by J. H. Dolph.

"FRIENDS."



From a painting by Benjamin C. Porter.

"MOTHER AND SON."



By J. Q. A. Ward.

"STATUE OF HENRY WARD BEECHER."

by artists themselves, nor was there in reality much encouragement of art study. The first president of this academy was Chancellor Livingston, the second was DeWitt Clinton, and the third Colonel John Trumbull the painter. But Trumbull appeared to see less reason for placing the casts and pictures in the academy at the disposal of students than his lay associates, and said when appealed to on the subject : "When I commenced the study of painting there were no casts in the



Drawn by Charles H. Miller.

"MILL AT BAYSIDE, L. I."

country. I was obliged to do as well as I could."

Several students and young artists, rebuffed by the American Academy, appealed to Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the magnetic electric tele-



Drawn by Burt G. Phillips.
"THOUGHTS OF THE WORLD."

by academicians themselves. There is a dingy and somewhat battered register of students still in use at the Academy, with a list of the students who held tickets for the year 1826. Mr. Morse's name heads the list, and following his are the names of Henry Inman, Thomas S. Cummings, A. B. Durand, and others who in the beginning and for many years thereafter had a controlling influence in the affairs of the Academy. The first exhibition was opened in May, 1826, and consisted



From a painting by Walter L. Palmer.

"AUTUMN MORNING."

graph, but at that time an artist, and he suggested a society "for the Promotion of the Arts and the Assistance of Students." This led to the formation of the New York Drawing Association, of which Mr. Morse was president. Later this association was changed into the National Academy of Design, of which Mr. Morse was president until 1845, and again for one year from 1861 to 1862. The founders of the Academy were twenty-four in number, and consisted of sixteen painters, one sculptor, two architects, and five engravers. A class for the study of the antique was begun, and this was attended not only by students and amateurs, but



From a painting by Horace Wolcott Robbins.

"FARMINGTON RIVER."



Drawn by Irving R. Wiles.
"GRANDMAMMA."

of 170 works, these being both copies and originals, and comprising oil paintings, water-colors, drawings for machinery, architectural drawings, and engravings.

This exhibition

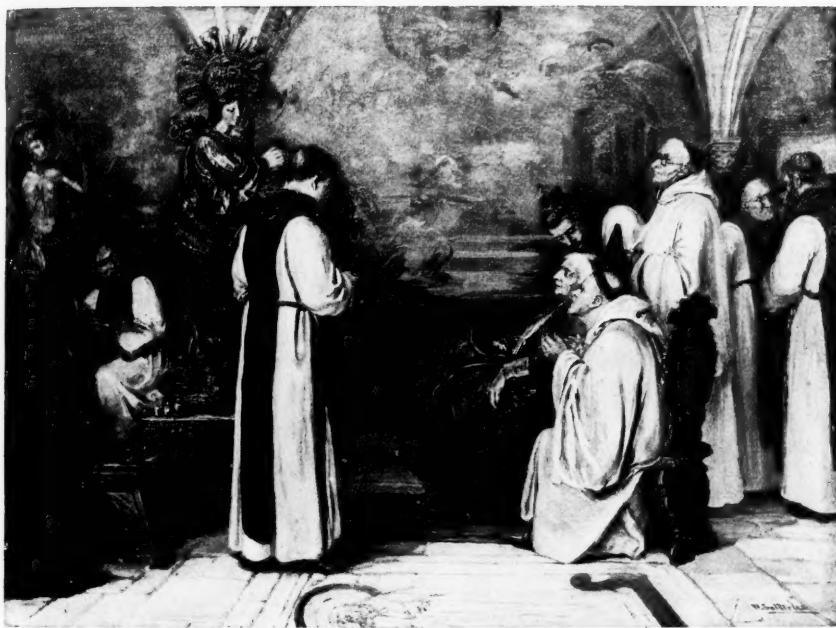
attracted something like 1,200 paying visitors, but it failed to meet expenses, and each of the thirty members was taxed seven dollars to pay the debt incurred. The next year the exhibition was not quite so large, but during fifty-seven days the attendance averaged thirty-eight paying visitors daily. This year the exhibition paid its way, and the exhibitions have continued to do so from then till now. This second exhibition was attacked with great violence by writers in the public press, and probably it deserved nearly all of the uncom-



From a painting by Jared B. Flagg.
"THE BUTTERFLY."



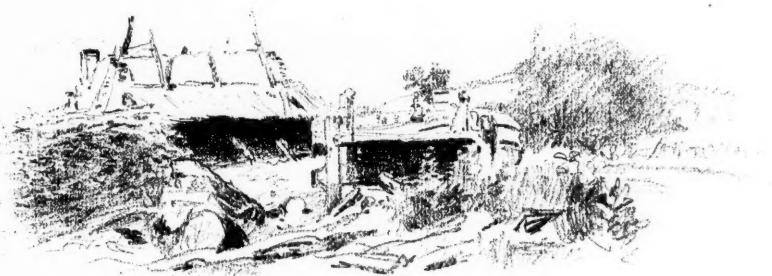
From a painting by Wordsworth Thompson.
"IN A WEARY LAND."



From a painting by Walter Satterlee.

"THE NEW ALTARPIECE."

plimentary things that were said of it. But in considering the history of an institution like the National Academy, the environment of the artists must be considered as well as the works they painted before judgment be passed upon the value of such works. The main purpose of an academy is educational. Educational progress is slow and gradual, not instantaneous. The knowledge and appreciation of art in New York and in America sixty years ago was, as has been intimated, very limited. The academicians did not know much; the public knew less. But the Academy



Drawn by Charles S. Reinhart.

"A BIT OF BEMIS' HEIGHTS."

was then in advance of general public knowledge and general public taste, and it has continued to be so up to the present time. Some of us, who do not always recognize that art cannot prosper without an appreciative public, have sometimes been impatient at the conservatism of the Academy, and have cried out in anger because our views were not the views of the majority. This has never done any good, and is not likely to do any.

This has never done any good, and is not likely to do any. The Academy in the future is certain to progress as it has in the past—slowly but surely.

Before the holding of the third exhibition there was a great advance, for it was decreed by the council that none but original works should be exhibited. This rule has continued. Speaking of it, General Cummings, the historian of the Academy, has said : "The rule was adopted for the purpose of placing all exhibitors on an equal footing.

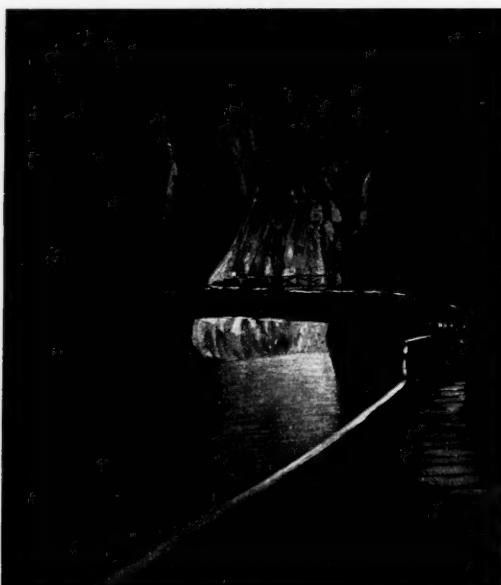
It had been found that young artists, returning from abroad and exhibiting copies of works of established eminence, had frequently been placed, by the want of discrimination in the public, far in advance of the more meritorious artist at home, exhibiting his own originations; an injustice it was thought the duty of the Academy to remedy. The restriction was a proper one, and ever very justly received favor."

From a very early date in its career the Academy was bothered about a home. It



From a painting by R. M. Shurtleff.

"*A WOODLAND POOL.*"



From a painting by T. Addison Richards.

"*GORGÉ DE FRIEND, MARTIGNY, SWITZERLAND.*"

changed from place to place many times, and once, through efforts to get a house of its own, became bankrupt. This was the second bankruptcy. The first was caused by the generosity of friends of the Academy travelling in Europe. A New Yorker in Rome would see a cast or a statue and admire it. Forthwith he would think of the Academy and its school of art, purchase the work, and ship it to New York. Rome was a far cry from New York, and the freight charges on these gifts exhausted all the funds of the Academy, and left the institution insolvent. A rule had to be adopted that no presents would be accepted unless the freight charges were paid in advance. In those days the Academy, with thirty-five members, sailed very close to the wind, and the financial sea was often ruffled. But the finances were managed with skill and prudence, and in 1863 the corner-



Drawn by W. L. Hudson.

"OLD FISHERMAN."



From a painting by J. B. Bristol.

"DOWN THE HILLSIDE."

stone for the Venetian building at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street was laid with imposing ceremonies. The speakers were Parke Godwin, William Cullen Bryant, and George Bancroft; and Mr. Daniel Huntington, who had become president the year before, swung the stone in place, using a silver trowel to spread the mortar.

It seems not a little



Drawn by Louis C. Tiffany.

"THE BURIAL."

that they have never since realized. The exaggerated prices incident to disturbed social conditions and an inflated currency have spoiled the future career of more than one member of the Academy. The exigencies of the war were such that even the knights of the brush and palette were called on to do service. Under the facetious head-line "Drawing-Draft," in *The Evening Post* of August 21, 1863, we find this record :

"Among the persons drafted yester-



Drawn by Charles Parsons.

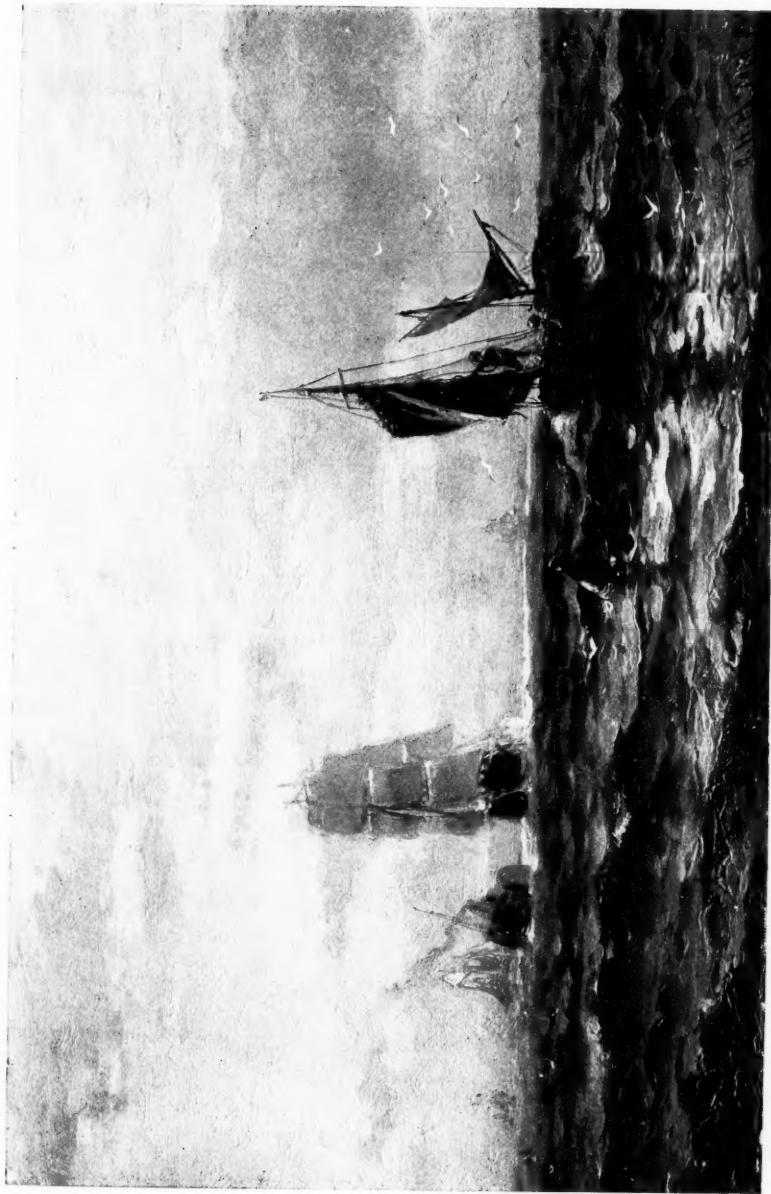
"ABANDONED."

strange that the Academy should have been built during the Civil War, when labor and material were at very high prices. But the artists themselves at that time were unusually prosperous, and received for their canvases sums that would have seemed enormous ten years before. Indeed, some of those who were then in their prime received in those troublous days prices



From a painting by P. P. Ryder.

"A FAITHFUL SERVANT."



From a painting by Geo. H. McCord.

ROUNDING THE BUOY.¹⁹

day in the Fifteenth Ward were ten artists, as follows : W. P. W. Dana, W. J. Hennessy, Daniel Huntington, William Hart, John O. B. Inman, John Pope, Albert Bierstadt, J. E. Griffith, George H. Hall, and Theodore Pine."

I have found no record as to how many of these sent substitutes, and how many shouldered muskets and went to the front. It would probably make an interesting chapter in the annals of the Academy. General Cummings



From a painting by Percival de Luce.
"THE KING'S HEALTH."



From a painting by Charles Lannan.
"FUSUJAMA."

book is the fact that many men who afterward became conspicuous in other professions and in business spent some time as students in the schools of the Academy. Probably not ten per cent. of the students in these schools have devoted their lives to art; but surely, as amateurs, they have been of much advantage in spreading a love and a knowledge of art among the people. But among the small minority of names of artists we

at that time appears to have been more interested in the financial affairs of the institution, and the merits and advantages of several proposed building sites, than anything else, and so he passed the war period by with only a very few allusions to the great conflict.

Turn we now again to the old register of students. What will first strike any one who looks through this



From a painting by Louis Moeller.
"POLITICS."

*Drawn by T. W. Wood.**"WHEN WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER."*

come across many who have become truly distinguished. In the class of 1826 was Thomas Cole; in that of 1827 William Page; in 1835 Daniel Huntington's name is first entered; and so on and so on. It will no doubt surprise many to know that Thomas Nast was a student at the Academy in '56, '57, and '58. In the class of '61 were Walter Shirlaw and R. M. Shurtleff, and in that of '63 Elihu Vedder. A number of artists who attained a certain ephemeral distinction, and a few whose work promised well, but waned in worth as the years went by, and who are now unknown, are registered with a fine flourish and boldness

of writing in the quaint old roster. Singularly enough, many of these early strugglers for artistic fame have become successful business men. In 1865 first appears among the students the name of Augustus St. Gaudens; and the person who kept the register saw so little promise

*From a painting by H. R. Poore.**"NORMANDY WOMAN."**From a painting by W. L. Sonntag.**"THE STORM."*

of genius in this most gifted academician that he did not take the pains to spell the name correctly. It would be interesting to go through the whole list, but the space at my disposal is inadequate.

Among the present members and associates are the best men in the country. All the schools of art are represented, though the conservatives may still be in the majority. This is as it should be. The conservatives in such an institution should always rule, so that by making haste slowly genuine progress will be made year by year. In the last year of his life George William Curtis spoke at the annual banquet of the Academy. He said : "Art is but a form of expression, but in every art the mute Milton of Gray or the Pictor Ignotus of Browning



From a painting by T. W. Wood.

"THE DIFFICULT TEXT."



From a painting by Frederick W. Freer.

"HER CONQUESTS."

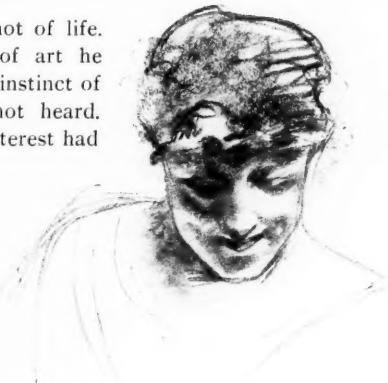
is a pathetic figure of the imagination, not of life. The living Milton, in whatever form of art he may appear, seeks first to sing, but the instinct of song is unsatisfied if his singing be not heard. Mr. Emerson was once asked why his interest had declined in a youth who had seemed to him full of promise. With his wise, kind smile he answered: 'When I found that he did not crave an audience, I doubted his genius.' The Academy does not give the artist genius, but it gives his genius play. It gives him the audience that his genius craves; and all the artists, combining and concentrating their common interests in the Academy, surround themselves with ever-accumulating and



From a painting by Charles C. Curran.

"AT SUNSET."

placed in the ball-room of one of the great New York hotels. The sculptured presentment of T. W. Wood (the venerable president of the Academy) is from the facile chisel of J. Scott Hartley, one of the few sculptors whose work is regularly exhibited in the annual displays of the institution here referred to. The



Drawn by J. Carroll Beckwith.

"A STUDY."

richer traditions, make themselves felt in the community as an aggressive force, and give themselves the splendid advantage of organized power."

NOTE.—The illustrations which accompany this article call for brief mention. The decorative drawing by Frank Fowler is the artist's first draught for a large mural painting which was recently



Drawn by Irving R. Wiles.

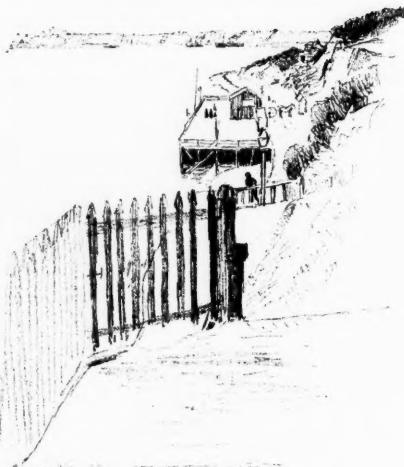
"A PHILOSOPHER."



*Drawn by J. Wesley Little.
"FIGURE STUDY."*

"Friends" of J. H. Dolph is an example of that inimitable animal painter in one of his happiest moods. "Mother and Son," a dignified, suave, and careful piece of portraiture, comes from the easel of Benjamin C. Porter, whose name is associated with a

long line of paintings (chiefly portraits) of similar character to the one



*Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.
"FROM MY STUDIO, VILLERVILLE."*



*From a painting by Joseph Lyman.
"VIEW ON SARANAC LAKE."*

Palmer, Horace Wolcott Robbins, R. M. Shurtleff, T. Addison Richards, J. B. Bristol, R. C. Minor, Joseph Lyman, and Charles Lanman are each representative and characteristic. In figure work specimens are shown of the trained artistry of T. W. Wood, Wordsworth Thompson, Walter Satterlee, P. P. Ryder, Louis C. Tiffany, Irving R. Wiles, Jared B. Flagg, H. R. Poore, Percival de Luce, Louis Moeller, Charles C. Curran,



*Drawn by L. E. Wilmarth.
"CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE ON THE MORNING OF HIS EXECUTION."*



and L. E.
Wilmarth.

Those stu-
dents who

have studied for a period in the Academy's schools, and whose work reflects honor on its methods of instruction, are ably represented by Will H. Hudson, Burt G. Phillips, and J. Wesley Little, each of whom has contributed to the illustrations here offered. William Sartain's "Bedouin Chieftain" is certainly as good a picture as he has ever produced; Fred. W. Freer's pleasing and studious style was never more fully exemplified than in his painting called "Her Conquests." The drawings from the



From a painting by William Sartain.

"BEDOUEIN CHIEFTAIN."



From a painting by Robert C. Minor.

"LOOKING SEAWARD."

gifted pencils of Charles S. Reinhart and J. Carroll Beckwith are graceful and strongly individual of these two artists' methods. In marine art the page reproduction of George H. McCord's "Rounding the Buoy," and the tender, sentimental bit of water-view and drifting hulk by Charles Parsons, are as delightful in their conception as they are sound in execution. All in all, a decidedly eclectic array of subjects is presented.—ED.

A POET IN LANDSCAPE.

BY ALFRED TRUMBLE.

(*With original illustrations by Bruce Crane.*)

THE painting of landscape is subject to perhaps the greatest abuse of any department of art. There is certainly no other in which the hand of incompetency so boldly displays itself. To paint the figure requires a serious knowledge of form and of the most exquisite niceties of color, light, and shade. The same rule

applies to the painting of cattle, and all forms of still life demand accuracy of observation, skill of draughtsmanship, and a mastery of the rendition of colors and textures. In landscape, the tyro who can neither draw nor paint, but who has been schooled to a few tricks of brush and palette by an instructor, himself frequently, if not commonly, incompetent, produces what passes for an effect, and is supposed to constitute a picture. Who that attends our exhibitions, or visits

the dealers' galleries, is not familiar with the weary waste of libels on the great art of Claude and Ruysdael, of Turner, Constable, Rousseau, Corot, Diaz, and the masters whose genius has carcaneted the brow of nature with gems of art, which pass the criticism of juries and tradesmen and are given contemptible publicity?

The true landscape painter, however, remains as great an artist as the painter of history. Indeed, what is his vocation but the chronicling of the history of nature, so infinite in its varieties, so endless in its alternations of the lightest gayety and tragic gloom? To him nature is as living a thing as humanity itself.



"A NEW ENGLAND MEADOW."



"THE HARVEST."

He knows and loves the organic vitality which burns in the mighty bosom of the earth, and sends the life-blood pulsating through tree and grass and flower. He reads the romance of summer showers, sweeping over parched fields and meadow lands, and of the time of the snow, which blankets and protects the incessantly progressive life of nature against the fangs of the frost. The true landscape painter is, in short, a poet as well as an artist.



"THE GRAY HILL."



"RIPENING GRAIN."

was no doubt confirmed in him by his early association with the late A. H. Wyant, under whom he worked as a pupil, and whose own art was distinguished by its poetic tenderness of thought and feeling.

Born in New York in 1857, Mr. Crane made his first exhibit at the National Academy of Design in 1878, in a shape which demonstrated that the influence of the veteran artist who had been his guide had not been exercised in vain. Immediately thereafter he went to Europe, where he remained several

He might be a painter of the figure if he chose, but he turns to nature in the form in which she appeals to him most eloquently. He reaches forth for his ideal according to his intellectual bent, and whether he paints his poems in the Homeric or the Horatian mood, he is always the poet above all.

It is among the gentler poets of American landscape painting that Bruce Crane is to be ranked. Predisposed by his own nature to idyllic rather than heroic themes, this inclination



"BROWN AND SERE."



"WHITE FIELDS."

Abel C. Cowdin.

years, painting principally in France, and with surroundings and associations favorable to the development and rounding off of his art. Thus the earlier works which attracted public attention to him were mainly of French subjects. They were characterized by picturesqueness of selection and excellent local color, were executed with boldness and spirit, and secured for the artist prompt recognition as one of the strong men of the advanced school, which found expression in the formation of the Society of American Artists, of which Mr. Crane was an early member.

In 1882, upon his return to America and the establishment of his studio in New York, Mr. Crane gradually turned his attention to native subjects, always in the simpler field of pastoral landscape, and generally drawn from New Jersey or Long Island. And now he began the series of charming pictures of whose highest expressiveness the accompanying illustrations will serve to convey an idea. Summer meadows dappled with wild flowers; winter pastures sheeted in snow; denuded nature, shivering in the chill breath of autumn, or awakening at the reviving caress of spring; the vaporous glimmer of dawn, the tender glory of sunrise, the broad, bold glare of noonday, the splendor of sunset, and the mystery of moonlight and the scintillant flash of



"LANDSCAPE STUDY."



"ROAD BY THE HAYFIELD."

stars, in turn invited his fancy and challenged the powers of his brush. For some years, while still maintaining a studio in New York, Mr. Crane worked chiefly at his country home in Connecticut, surrounded by scenes which afforded an incessant temptation to his art, and provided him with an infinite variety of material congenial to his taste. This intimate and sympathetic communion between

the artist and his vocation has resulted in giving us one of the most original, sensitive, and characteristic painters of American landscape to whom our art can lay claim. He is a strong and spirited draughtsman and painter in black and white, and has contributed many illustrations to our great magazines. His impressions of nature are not merely visual. What he sees he feels, and he paints it as he feels it, without either excess or neglect of detail, and without that affectation of technical dexterity which demands that surface shall do duty for soul.



"WASTE LAND."



"A BLACK CLOUD."

A MAN OF ARTISTIC IDEAS.

BY ARTHUR N. JERVIS.

(With original illustrations by Dan. Beard.)



O connoisseur or bumpkin, pictorial art holds nothing more affecting than the thought and feeling it stimulates in the beholder. In illustrative art it is peculiarly true that the spirit and significance of a fact in its relation to human life and sentiment are everything, while the fact of itself is nothing. Embodiment of the spirit and development of the meaning of the thing portrayed is a result invariably attained in the drawings of Dan Beard, artist and author. When looking at any piece of his work, the conviction is imposed that it was done by a man who was thinking of something. It is evident that some distinct and positive conception preceded and accompanied the execution. He is one of the most ideaful of American illustrators. He brims with ideas. One is refreshed by his drawing as by a new thought. Oftentimes it may be easy, and just also, to point to faults of technique, but if he was any less untrammeled by formula he probably would be less forceful in expression. The popularity of his drawing is his vindication. In his personality Dan Beard is truly an all-around man, and much of his character is shadowed in his work. His drawing carries always an impression of the executor's earnestness. Sometimes it is an earnestness that is almost fierce, but usually it is lightened by the play of fancy, and the result is poignantly suggestive. He works while the idea has mastery over him, and in subjects of especial interest to him his touch yields a thrill. If chance had not led him into the aisles of art he might have been a naturalist. His love of nature and familiarity with it are expressed in many of his sketches, especially on sketch-book pages, those diaries where artists confide their truest and most secret affinities. Another feature of Beard's work is the intense action that hangs in every line; even his



"WAITING."



"DEEP-SEA FLIRTATION."

in Cincinnati, where he was born on June 21, 1850, he went with his parents across the Ohio River to Covington, Ky. During the troublous times of the Morgan raids, when General Kirby Smith was besieging Covington, Dan was at home as the only man of the house. His father, the late J. H. Beard, N.A., the animal painter, was serving on the staff of General Lew Wallace; Harry Beard was south with the Thirtieth Missouri Regiment; Frank Beard was in West Virginia acting as special artist for Harper's, and J. Carter Beard, whose middle name is the maiden name of his mother, was in camp on the Ohio with the one-hundred-day men. Exact sciences give excellent discipline to the imagination, for the poet must be an analyst, and Dan with his lively fancy and quaint conceits took a thor-

plant life seems to suggest its own growth. The dash and vim of his execution reminds those who know the man of his rugged, vigorous nature.

He has a strong featured and frank countenance, and it is framed by a straggling beard. His every tone and gesture manifest a native sincerity and earnestness. From his early camp-life he has preserved the off-hand *bonhomie* of the woods and plains, while with it is coupled the courtesy of the natural gentleman. In his character is combined the virility of a Viking with the gentleness and quick sympathy of a woman. Of all the gifted Beard family, Dan was the tardiest in coming to the fore as an artist. After passing his school days



"YANKEE DOODLE CAME TO TOWN."



ough course in mathematics. After his studies ended he obtained employment in an engineer's office, and subsequently was given an opportunity to set out upon insurance surveys in different parts of the country. This chance for travel he eagerly grasped, and the succeeding five years were spent by him in acquiring much of the resources which he has since drawn upon in his art work. His sympathies broadened rapidly, and his independence of thought led him into the fertile fields of new ideas in which he has since revelled. It was during his

life as surveyor, also, that he studied the ways of insects, of birds, beasts and fishes. He is essentially a sensitive to the facts of life, and his pieces are inspired by the impressions made upon him. He has, when he chooses, a way of showing the implications of facts which others are too phlegmatic to perceive. All sights and sounds of nature woo and charm him; problems of human life and conduct have in him an enthusiastic student. Miseries and injustices bite him to the quick. With pen and pencil he reports his deductions, and the spirit of much of his work is due to the sting of his feeling.

He has a strong leaning toward allegorical and symbolical drawing, and toward delicate caricaturing. His subtle perception of the humorous and sharp sense of the ridiculous unite with a fertile fancy in yielding odd concepts. The travesty of the fact upon the



"A WOODSMAN."

principle affects him keenly; such situations he intuitively analyzes and represents vividly. As an illustrator he explores the subject thoroughly, and reaches subtle meanings. The idea behind the subject is always his model. Much of his best work was done in Mark Twain's book, "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," and probably no better appreciation of his power could be induced than by reading the book without illustration first, and then note how much his work illumines the text, and brings out sharply the points which otherwise might be missed, or at least not fully relished. The circumstance which made Dan Beard a devotee of the Bristol-board was his meeting, in the summer of 1879, with the art manager of *The Century Magazine*. Beard had some studies of fish which had been drawn for his own edification, and to his surprise they were eagerly taken and paid for. Since then drawing and writing have occupied his time. The "American Boy's Handy Book," his first literary production, is still having a steady sale. He wrote the Tom, Dick, and Harry stories for *St. Nicholas*, and has contributed to the *Youth's Companion* and the *Scientific American*. "Six Feet of Romance," originally printed in *The Cosmopolitan*, has been included in one volume with "Moonlight," his latest literary effort, which is



"AMUSED."

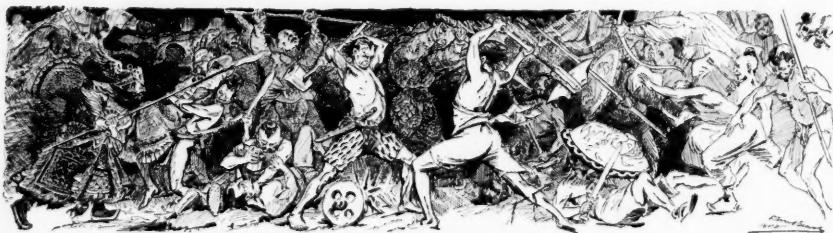


"TYPES OF LUMBERMEN."



"LOVE'S CRUCIBLE."

illustrated by himself. In his writing are dominant the same characteristics as in his drawing ; sharp, decisive strokes, which make you recognize the rugged, virile earnestness of the man, set before you the thought which moved the writer. No misinterpretation is possible ; there is no equivocation in the expression, it is bold, keen, and clear. Whether or not you agree with what he says, you are impressed by the clarity and the emphasis with which it is told, and you remember it. The town studio of Dan Beard is a delightful place to spend an hour or so. It is overflowing with old books, old armor, old guns, old swords, and a hundred and one quaint and artistic relics picked up in his travels and unearthed in odd places ; his summer studio is in a rugged mountain nook in Pike County, Pa. He resides at Flushing, L. I., where, after many unsuccessful efforts, his fellow townsmen eventually succeeded in persuading him to serve as a school trustee.



FROM MANY STUDIOS.

BY CHARLES M. SKINNER.

(With original illustrations by twenty-two well-known artists.)



Drawn by Howard Helmick.

"AN OLD NEGRO."

"HE isn't writing as good poetry since he had his hair cut," was the allegation as to a certain versifier; but, per contra, we may say that the artists are painting better pictures since they snipped their locks. Long hair looks well on some people, but the world no longer accepts it as a sign of genius. This fact has an ultra-tonsorial significance; namely, that a man must win by achievements rather than by claims. Our American artist has always been a good fellow, usually a smart fellow, and always a gentle fellow, but there have been times when he did not work. He waited for inspiration. Those times are no more. Every studio is a workshop now, and the man who occupies it toils as hard as a mechanic and as conscientiously as a preacher. He does not write his art with a capital A, but he paints it with one.



Drawn by A. B. Doggett.

"INTERESTED."

The outsider does not comprehend the amount of energy that goes into the making of pictures, the lives that are given to it, the miles of canvas and paper that are annually covered, because the layman sees only fragmentary results. He does not realize that an artist who is fairly well on in years has painted enough to supply every family in a small town with a picture, and that his studies and sketches might be measured by the



Drawn by R. B. Birch.

"A MODERN GIRL."

cord. Nor, it is to be feared, does he realize that the quality of work now done in America is as high as that of any nation, for he talks now and then about the lack of "art atmosphere," and about European precedence. Gammon! Most of Europe is bragging over pictures that were painted three hundred years ago, and precious bad ones many of them are.

The American artist, since he has "lined up" with the rest of the working world, paid his bills, and dropped his class distinctions—he was always too honest for cant—has produced work of technical excellence and high motive. Where he has found room, as in Chicago, to spread himself, he has astonished not only the natives, but the nations. He is daily a better American and a more individual stylist. The breadth and mag-



Drawn by Lee Woodward Zeigler.

"THE CRUSADERS."



From a painting by Orrin S. Parsons.

"TENNIS."



Drawn by G. A. Traver.

"WINTER MARKETING."

pleased by his workmanship and delighted by his play of fancy. We are better satisfied when we know what the man or woman is like who has captured our notice and won our approbation through any achievement of worth. In a brief way, the comments which follow are intended to supply this want. That the commentary is not elaborate is more the fault of limited space than any studied intention to curtail the remarks passed upon the artists whose accomplishments in many mediums are here reproduced. Culmer Barnes has a way of putting on paper, with a few direct lines and well-placed

nificance of this country, its higher aims and destiny, are getting into his subjects. The period of the blue peasant with wooden shoes is passing. Every exhibition in our cities offers a surprising variety of matter, and imagination is taking higher rank. American art is not only conscientious art as to technique, but it is art that expresses the mental sanity and independence and the sound morals of the people. It is wholesome art, and clean. Let the American citizen cease his complaining and buy American pictures. If he has no confidence in his own judgment, he has friends who will judge for him, and their verdict must be for the art of America.

NOTE.—It is not enough to see the product of a clever artist's hand and brain. One longs to know something of the personality of the painter or illustrator who has



Drawn by Harry S. Watson.

"READY TO START."

masses, the episodes of youth—its play-hours and its mild passions—which is clearly indicative of the artist's sympathy with his wee models. His chief work has been in the line of illustration for juvenile journals. His specialty is a broad one and admits of endless study—and amusement. H. Martin Beal is best known in the Eastern sections of the land. He is a familiar exhibitor in the Boston art shows and an industrious contributor to the illustrated periodicals of the "Hub" and thereabouts. His work is marked by refinement of manner and conscientiousness of execution. A portrait of Mr. Beal appears elsewhere in this number, and one can read in his reflected features the distinguishing traits of the man and artist.

Reginald B. Birch has the rare gift of a creative



Drawn by J. H. Henken.

"THE EQUESTRIENNE."



Drawn by Culmer Barnes.

"A FRIEND IN NEED."



Drawn by F. M. Howarth.

"A DRENCHING CASE OF THOUGHTLESSNESS."



mind, and a sensitive hand that is quick to realize in substantial form the imagery of his fertile brain. Birch is an Englishman by birth, an American by training, and a Frenchman in his ready grace and his aptness with the pencil. He regards the result as a greater thing than the method, though he is a man with a decided style of his own and a deep feeling for all that is genuinely artistic. As a monochromatic portrayer of children he is quite alone. Edwin Howland Blashfield puts forth in his highest achievements a stateliness of style and a certain old-world feeling. His manner and thought are of a distinctly mediæval flavor. His tendency is toward idealism in all things. He has a fresh-



Drawn by E. H. Blashfield.

"THE GENIUS OF ART."



Drawn by Charles Howard Johnson.

"AN ELIZABETHAN."

ness of fancy that is somewhat reminiscent of Doré, though the difference between Blashfield and Doré is the difference between the trained draughtsman and the unskilled delineator. F. W. Cawein is a Southern artist whose principal work has been in the line of illustration. He draws with decision and has predilections for out-of-doors scenes. He has studied



Drawn by T. J. Fogarty.

"THE ARCHWAY."

character in the South until he has familiarized himself with its peculiarities, but, like a good illustrator, he has not confined himself to any one class of subjects. Warren B. Davis is one of our young illustrators to whom the future must have a promising aspect, if present honors count for anything. His best work has been done with the pen, and many of the leading periodicals have given place to his illustrations. Mr. Davis is not alone a worker in black and white, for he has executed and exhibited many pictures, in oil and water-colors, which have found genuine favor in critical eyes. A. B. Doggett is an illustrator who is not afraid of multiple themes; he would as soon be versatile as not. His method of drawing is unhackneyed, and his humor is neither vulgar nor super-refined. If one may read a man by his work, Mr. Doggett believes in the livableness of life and the picturesqueness of the present period and the people who make it. S. S. Dustin is given to picture-making in which the element of timeliness is very pronounced. Mr. Dustin would in all probability make as clever a newspaper editor as he is an artist, had chance and inclination moulded his life differently. His drawings have a serious, business-like air about them that cannot fail to impress itself, but which



Drawn by F. W. Cawein.

"HUNTING."

does not in any degree destroy their artistic force. Thomas J. Fogarty is a name frequently met with in the corners of eye-tickling illustrations. He is a sincere worker and is something of a stylist. His drawings generally fit the text which they accompany, which cannot be said of all work one finds in the pictured papers of the day. Frank French is trebly gifted: he can draw a clever picture, engrave it on wood in most exquisite style, and write an article to accompany the engraving with a literary grace that betokens the born writer. Mr. French holds forth for the dainty, the pure, and the picturesque in each of the sister arts to which he gives his time. It is an achievement to master three arts in one life-time—an achievement which many have endeavored to reach and but few have succeeded. Howard Helmick made his reputation by the cleverest character studies of the Irish peasantry ever given to public view. His paintings have been exhibited in the



Drawn by A. B. Doggett.

"CONTENTED."



Drawn by C. M. Relyea.

"ALONG THE RIVER."

Royal Academy of London and the Salon of Paris. He is now doing for the negroes of the South what he has done for the west coast peasant-folk of the Emerald Isle. Mr. Helmick is a graduate of the Ecole des Beaux Arts and a pupil of Cabanel. J. Henry Henken is skilled in figure work, though he is not ungraceful in his picturing of landscape. To a natural talent for careful obser-



Drawn by S. S. Dustin.
"HIS LORDSHIP."

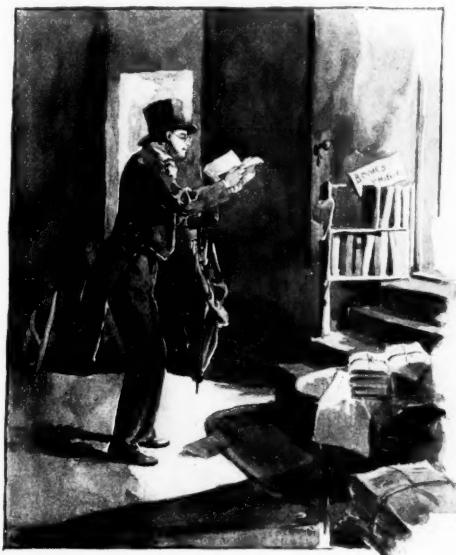


Drawn by Ilona Rado.
"GREEK MAIDEN."

sion-proud painter, for he has pleased a world of people; and, after all is said, the true end of art is the pleasure to be got from it. His fun is clear-cut, original, wholesome, and good tempered. Mr. Howarth attained renown through his "serial comic pictures." He is identified with Puck at the present time, and the examples of his facile pen here given are as good as anything of their kind that has yet appeared. Charles Howard Johnson is a versatilist or nothing. He is equal to any subject, and essays every phase of illustration. It is not often, however, that we see him in so thoughtful a

vation he has added the acquired gift of sound draughtsmanship and ready imagination. The picture from his hand which is printed with these comments is a characteristic bit of illustration. F. M. Howarth has a style as firmly rooted to his name as the mountains are rooted to the earth. He works entirely on the humorous phase of humanity, and his fun is irresistible. While he disclaims any distinction as a true artist, he is as cer-

tainly
an art
maker
as any
profes-



Drawn by H. Martin Beal.
"THE BOOKWORM."

mood as in the drawing which is here published. J. H. Knickerbocker has accomplished more in the department of newspaper illustration than in the more exalted but not more exacting spheres of painting and magazine picturment. Many of the skilfully rendered transcripts from nature, animate and inanimate, which have come into light in the ephemeral newspaper would easily do credit to the better magazines. Orrin S. Parsons is a painter of attractive women and social pastimes. He delights in out-of-door effects, and takes more pleasure in painting a fleck of sunlight as it falls on the face of a



Drawn by Maud Stumm.

"THE WATER-COLORIST."

achieved by Mr. Parsons is the charming painting here reproduced. Ilona Rado is one of New York's clever woman painters who have obtained their artistic education abroad, and combine this with their native culture to the end of making their accomplishments take rank with the work of the sterner sex. In pictures of the kind here reproduced Miss Rado excels. C. M. Relyea has made his best drawings for Life. He is a studious illustrator. His penchant is society episodes, in which well-dressed men and semi-dressed women largely figure. Mr. Relyea's talent may be analyzed in the accompanying drawing, which is somewhat out of his ordinary vein. Miss Maud Stumm is a painter of portraits and



Drawn by J. H. Knickerbocker.

"IN THE GARRET."

pretty girl than most artists can extract from an elaborate and long-studied historical or episodal composition. One of the best things yet



Drawn by Frank French.

"A CHRISTMAS VIGIL."



Drawn by Howard Helmick.

"THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN."

figures, mostly in idyllic style, and her work is noticeable chiefly for its refinement of color and delicacy of drawing. Her pictures are frequently found in the exhibition halls, and her name is yearly becoming more familiar to art followers. G. A. Traver is an illustrator whose liking for rural characters is strongly asserted whenever opportunity offers,

and in no other class of subjects does he appear so much at ease. The old fellow in the picture here given from Mr. Traver's hand is a capital study, capitally made. Harry S. Watson, the bulk of whose illustrative work has been published in *Outing*, is fast becoming one of the strong personalities of current monochromatic art. His style is certain, and his information accurate. The old lady of his picture here produced is a swift and clever bit of pen-work, and is one of his most charming line sketches as yet given to the public. Lee Woodward Zeigler is as industrious as he is talented. He is, to judge from his picture in this issue, a delver in books as well as a student of the human countenance. The output of many studios is so fully illustrated by the reproductions which accompany these words that no further comment is requisite.—ED.

Drawn by Warren B. Davis.

"POSING."

A MODERN MARINE PAINTER.

BY HENRY MILFORD STEELE.

(*With original illustrations by Carlton T. Chapman.*)

It has been estimated that at the present time fully one-half of all those who use the artist's brush have worked, to a greater or less extent, in the field of illustration, and, it may be added, not a few have made in it reputations in no sense

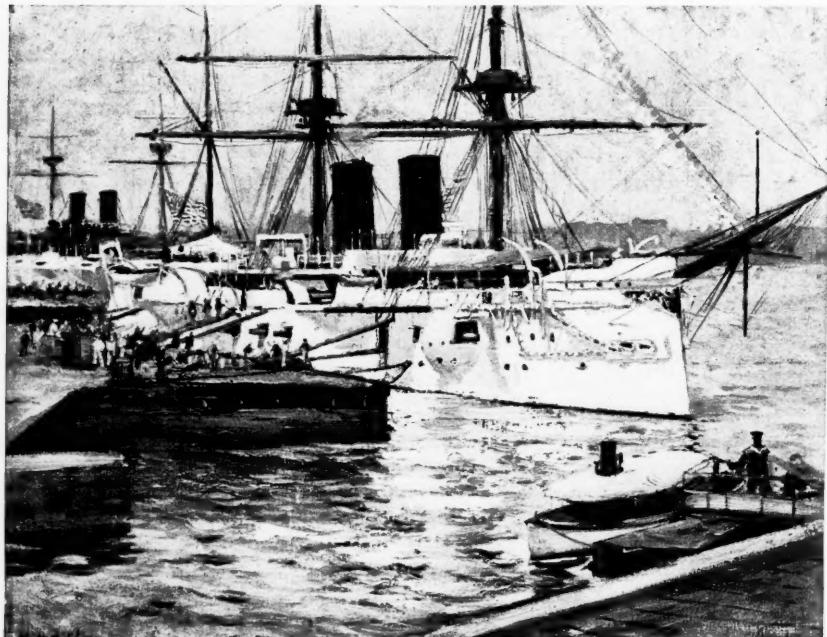
inferior to those gained in painting pictures. There are many illustrators who never work in color—capable artists who are not painters; but illustration has become of late years so important a means for reaching the public, as well as a means for providing an income, that every year sees a constantly increasing number of painters represented in the magazines.

Among those painters who draw more or less for reproduction is Carlton T. Chapman. There can be no question but that Mr. Chapman

is a painter of a high order. He long ago received the recognition as a delineator of marine subjects to which his merits fully entitle him. His pictures, familiar to those who attend the exhibitions, bear ample witness to his powers. His fine perceptions, his deep sympathy with his subjects, and his vigorous



"FISHERMEN'S HUTS."



"ONE OF THE WHITE SQUADRON."



"FISHING BOATS."

confusion of docks and ships and the tangle of ropes and spars he finds himself completely at home.

The American navy of earlier days appeals powerfully to his imagination, and perhaps the very best picture he has ever painted is a recently completed work representing the famous battle between the Constitution and Java—a remarkable composition, full of spirit and action, and beautifully painted; certainly in strong contrast to his quiet and restful harbor scenes.

While it is true that Mr. Chapman is known chiefly as a painter of marine subjects, it is equally true that as a painter of street scenes, architecture, and landscapes he is bold, original, and successful. The water-colors representing a long summer's work at St. Ives are among the best things that he has ever done. The quaint architecture and the various aspects of the old town are expressed with a freshness, grace, and delicacy

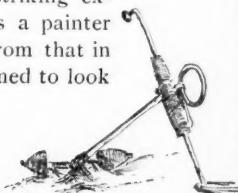
that is charming. His picture of Somersby Rectory, the birthplace of Tennyson, presented to the Players' Club of New York, and now in the club's gallery, displays a tenderness of feeling, a breadth of view, and a certainty of treatment that is remarkable. It is a striking example of his skill as a painter in a different vein from that in which we are accustomed to look for him.



"ON THE BEACH AT ST. IVES."



"THE BUOY."



As an illustrator Mr. Chapman is perhaps not so widely known, for his work in this field is of recent date; but what he has done has been so surprisingly good that he has immediately taken his place in the front rank. His work in connection with a series of articles on ocean steamships, which appeared in one of the magazines a year or two ago, was a revelation to many people who had previously considered him purely as a painter. These were almost the first drawings he had made for reproduction, but they were so successful that he soon found himself in demand by the publishers of other magazines, and since then his work in black and white has come to occupy a conspicuous place in modern American illustration. His cleverness in the handling of his subjects, the delicacy and precision of his methods, and his beautiful feeling for what is called the artistic quality, have made a deep and lasting impression.

It may be said also that Mr. Chapman possesses in no small degree one quality which gives him great advantage as an illustrator, a quality which it is to be feared is sometimes overlooked by certain of his contemporaries—he knows how



"ON THE WAYS."



"THE LIGHTHOUSE."



"WINTER MORNING."

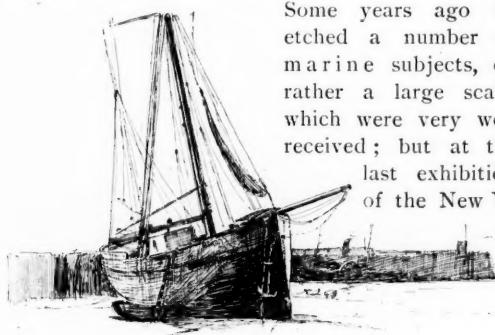
to draw. A painter, by a clever manipulation of his color, may to a certain extent cover up deficiencies in drawing, or, at least, succeed in directing attention away from them. But the man who works in black and white has no such resource; his drawing must stand for what it is, good or bad; and as a strong and certain draughtsman Mr. Chapman is especially noteworthy.

As an etcher Mr. Chapman occupies fully as high a place as that which he holds as a painter.

Some years ago he etched a number of marine subjects, on rather a large scale, which were very well received; but at the last exhibition

of the New York Etching Club, held in connection with the annual show

of water-colors, he displayed a half-dozen or more small etchings of such excellence as to command the admiration of the critics and the public. The subjects were both marine and landscape, and the execution



"LOW TIDE—ISLE OF JERSEY."



"OFF EAST GLOUCESTER."



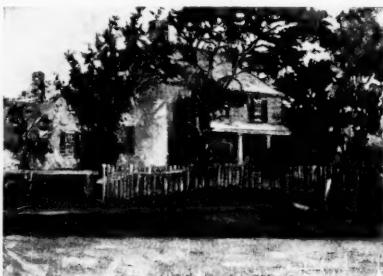
"FISHING SMACKS."

and paintable craft of the English fisherman, and his humble ways of living and unpretentious surroundings, offered to Mr. Chapman's ready brush a veritable mine of interesting material, and kept him in a state of exultation most of the time.—ED.

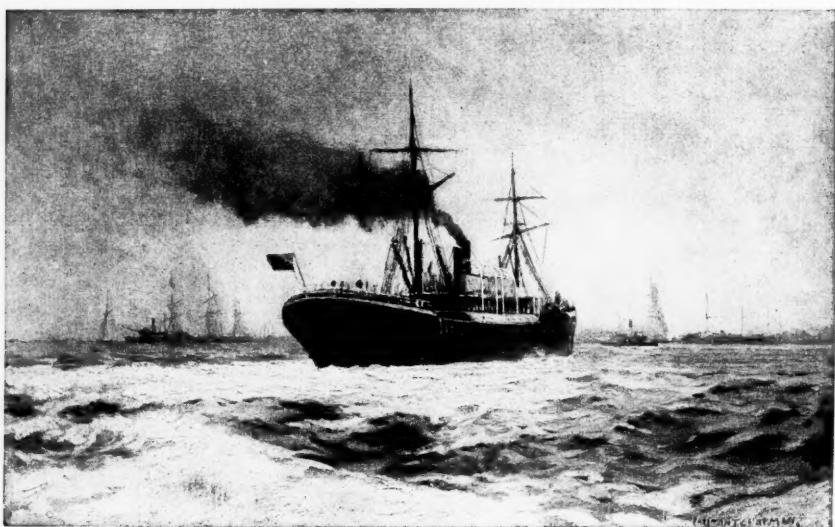
was so skilful as to justify the opinion that he might profitably devote more time to this branch of art.

Finally let it be noted that Carlton T. Chapman has thus far sedulously avoided the pitfalls that abound in the path of the figure painter, and in this he has shown his wisdom. The field that he has chosen is certainly broad enough, and he is working in it with a rare amount of intelligence and skill.

NOTE.—No better material was ever obtained by Mr. Chapman than that which he gathered during a recent visit to many of the picturesque coast towns and fishing villages of England. The e quaint, ungainly, yet colorful



"A COUNTRY COTTAGE."



"HEADED FOR BEDLOE'S ISLAND."

A PAINTER OF PRETTY WOMEN.

BY CROMWELL CHILDE.

(*With original illustrations by De Scott Evans.*)



"DAY DREAMS."

ing out of the West is not so very often repeated here. The palette-and-brush Lochinvar of the Middle and Mississippi States more frequently stays where he is. He fears—and wisely, too—to enter the push and crowd of the art mart of Manhattan Island. The saying is right, he thinks : " Better be the first man in a country town than the second in Rome."

And yet the Western talent has made a broad mark in New York. To the dash of the "open-air cities" is added the delicacy that comes from a daily contact with purple and fine linen. The blending of these two qualities produces, more than all else, the *fin de siècle* man of art.

Such a type of painter is the subject of this sketch—De Scott Evans. Forty-one years ago he was born in Boston, Indiana. The whole of his earlier manhood was spent in Cincinnati and Cleveland, with the exception of one year, late in the seventies, devoted to work in the ateliers of Paris. In these Western cities he painted and studied, teaching art and music meanwhile in the academies. It was not until 1887, when he had reached his thirty-fifth year,

THE East, and the country at large, are indebted to the wide-spreading West in art as well as in literature. That important characteristic, virility, is not seldom prairie-and-plain trained, so to speak. Oftentimes it flourishes best because it has been nursed far away from gas-lit drawing-rooms. It gains its freshness and its strength from the absence of conventional things. Such surroundings made possible the poetry of Eugene Field—exquisite in delicacy as well as perfect in fire—and gave birth to the romances of Edward Eggleston. The plains of the Southwest gave Frederic Remington his point of view, and sharpened his unerring pencil.

Nevertheless, the Scottish ballad tradition of the brave "young Lochinvar" com-



"THE LAST KISS."

that he gathered together his Lares and Penates, his studio furnishings and canvases, and travelled East.

The characteristics of his work assert themselves at once in broad lines. One particular task he has set himself, and made it his great aim. That is the depiction of femininity—the femininity of our day as one sees it a thousand times a year, femininity in its prettiest and daintiest form, the hey-day of young girlhood. And here an important distinction arises. The girl that is generally shown by the art world, in color or in black and white, is the Miss of the "Avenue," exquisitely modish, beautifully robed, ever with tip-tilted nose.

Quite another girl looks out of the canvases of Mr. Evans. She is none the less dainty and fair, none the less attractive, but the girl rather of the "upper middle class," a maid more familiar, but without a Van to her name, an ancestry, or the hope of a famous bridal.

It might fairly be said that De Scott Evans has mirrored the truly American girl exactly as she is, and as we like her best.

He sets her, always, in the midst of dainty surroundings, most frequently in a corner of a studio. He robes her in delicately toned fabrics, and prettily poses her.

It follows without saying that he who can successfully portray the maid of our times must be a consummate master of "stuffs." The painting of fabrics, one is tempted to declare without fear of contradiction, is Mr. Evans' chief hold as a man of art. His canvases show that he has studied textures thoroughly and well.

The sheen of silk, the soft folds of *crêpe du Chine*, the cool of the challie, dear to the heart of woman nowadays, are all shown with something better than photographic accuracy; one feels the texture as if it was under his hand.

His modelling may



"STUDYING."



"SPRING SUNSHINE."



"THE FINISHING TOUCH."

By Scott Evans

at times be at fault, but the fault is seldom glaring. All this is swallowed up, when it does occur, in the charm of the blending of colors, those pale, harmonizing tones that seem to belong especially to girlhood. In one of his canvases I recall a filmy window-curtain of a pale hue of yellow, through which the houses across the way were distinctly visible. It needed, it seemed, but a breath of air to set it a-swaying.

And all his pictures, modern though they are, seem to call back a memory—that ever-present one to most men—of “the girl I used to know.”

They are painted very simply, with little attempt at “composition,” in the full sense of that term. No story is attempted, except that deeper one that comes by inference. In nearly all, the single girlish figure is alone. In at least one picture Mr. Evans has gone from girlhood to old age. This painting shows the artist in a different and unaccustomed vein. It is his mother, done with scrupulous fidelity. But the charm is simply the rendering of the black dress; the balance admits of not nearly so much praise. It is the “eternal womanhood,” as Goethe says, that leads us on, and one cannot but be grateful at the setting of that, realistically, before our eyes.

NOTE.—The range of De Scott Evans’ art is not held within the limits of boudoir scenes and portraits of young women. He is a landscapist of no mean ability, an animal painter with much merit in this class of work, and as a portrayer of distinctly dramatic effects he has more than once scored unusual success. In this latter character he is best represented by his touching picture “The Last Kiss,” which is reproduced on page 279. There is true dramatic spirit in this painting, and a sentiment which is subdued though not subordinated. Mr. Evans is a contributor to most of the important art exhibitions, and has attained popularity chiefly through his delicate and sympathetic studies of girlhood.—ED.



“COUSIN FROM TOWN.”

THE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE QUARTER.

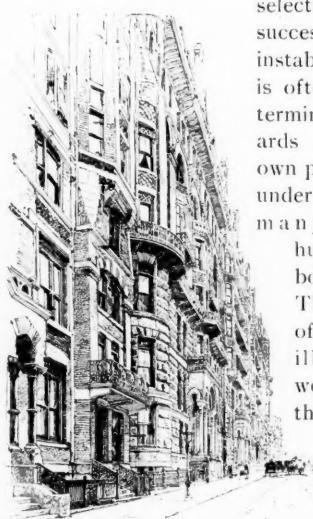
By PERRITON MAXWELL.

AFTER a close, dispassionate scanning, and a deliberate weighing in the scales of unbiased criticism, of the illustrations which beautify the magazines of the past quarter-year, one's first warm impression of their unusual excellence is in no manner dissipated. The meagrely-made and otherwise meritless drawings are few and inconspicuously displayed. With so vast a field to work in as is that offered to the illustrator, and so great a throng of brain-busy harvesters employed therein, it is matter for marvel that the harvest should at any time be scanty or the sheaves be light. Assuredly the monochromatic yield has been a fresh and vigorous one in the last three months. In the process of threshing, some chaff has come from among the pure wheat, though the quantity has been small and the loss unaffectionate to the whole produce.

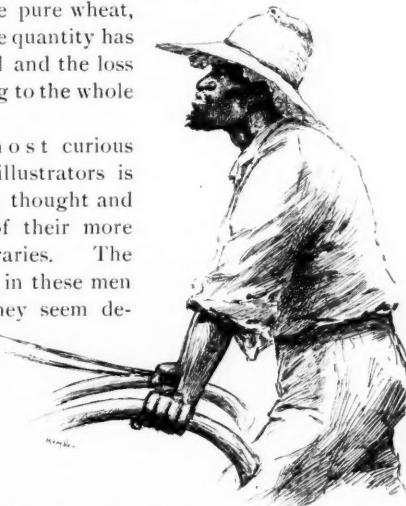


Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.
From Godey's.
"WITH GRANDPA."

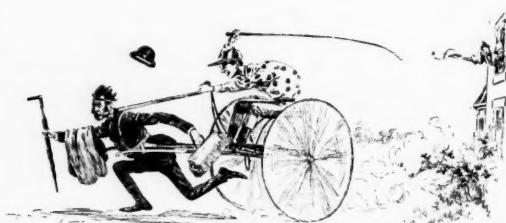
The most curious thing apparent in the work of many of our illustrators is their tendency to follow in matters of style, thought and selection, some one of their more successful contemporaries. The instability of purpose in these men is often awesome; they seem determined at all hazards to hide their own personality under a garment of many unbecoming hues and many borrowed pieces. There are scores of promising illustrators at work to-day who, gifted with an individual touch of their own, prove by the output of their pencils that they are perfectly willing to risk the speedy annihilation of their trade and talent. These men have spasms of strong originality and inexplicable waves of imitation. They are sometimes themselves, and again they are someone else whom they admire; more frequently they are nobodies in patchwork clothing. They recall more vividly



Drawn by Harry Fenn.
From The Cosmopolitan.
"NEW YORK DWELLINGS."



Drawn by E. W. Kemble.
From The Cosmopolitan.
"THE PLOUGHMAN."



Drawn by F. T. Richards

From Life.

"SPEEDING THE PARTING GUEST."



Drawn by Will P. Hooper. From Demorest's.

"ON THE DECK."



Drawn by Albertina R. Wheelan.

From Puck.

"A FOURTH OF JULY ALNASCHAR."



Drawn by F. Opper.

From Puck.

"A SHORT NAP."



Drawn by R. L. Budd.

From Puck.

"DUSTY DOOLITTLE IN MAINE."



Drawn by E. M. Ashe.

From Life.

"RAILROAD INVASION. I."



Drawn by E. M. Ashe.

From Life.

"RAILROAD INVASION. II."



Drawn by M. Colin.

"VISITING DAY AT THE HEBREW ORPHAN ASYLUM."

From *Once A Week*.*M. Colin*

than anything else the amusing description of the author of "Camille," given by the elder Dumas. "What shall I tell you of my son?" cried the great Creole novelist. "He has come into the world at that melancholy hour when it is no longer day and is not yet night, so the assemblage of antitheses which forms his strange personality is one of light and shade. He is idle, he is active; he is a gourmand, and he is sober; he is prodigal, and he is economical; he is mistrustful, and he is credulous; *blasé* and innocent; thoughtless and devoted; he has a cold tongue and a prompt heart; he mocks me with all his wit and loves me with all his soul. Finally, he is always ready to steal my cash-box, like Valére; or fight for me, like the Cid."



Drawn by E. E. Greatorex.

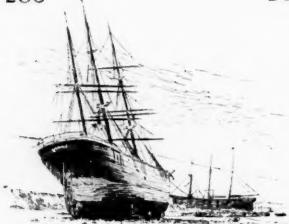
From *Godey's*.

Drawn by H. B. Wechsler.

"A NEW BOOK."

"BETRAYED."

From *Life*.



*Drawn by J. H. Hatfield.
From N. E. Magazine.
"HIGH AND DRY."*

So is it with the vacillating picture-makers of our popular periodicals; they are as uncertain as April weather, but, after all, beneath their uncertainty is some fixity of purpose, some firm resolve to be friendly

to themselves. Happily there are not a few monochromatists to whom we may look for individualized art. And still more pleasing is the reflection that even the worst of our illustrators of kaleidoscopic temperament have given some indication during the trio of months just passed that they have not entirely sunk to the level of artistic automatism.

From the pictured pages of *The Century*, Harper's, Scribner's, *The Cosmopolitan*, and that lively newcomer, *McClure's Magazine*, we glean entertainment with a fullness that leaves us satisfied though not surfeited. The June *Century* is enriched with some charming drawings by Carlton T. Chapman of scenes along the Florida coast.

Gilbert Gaul is represented by a full-page picture, in which a bonfire effect is excellently rendered.



*Drawn by H. C. Edwards.
From McClure's.
"GLADSTONE AT BREAKFAST."*



*Drawn by Fred. Morgan.
From Once A Week.
"PRINCESS EULALIE AND PRINCE ANTONIO."*



*Drawn by A. W. Van Deusen.
From Outing.
"A MISCHIEVOUS CALF."*



Drawn by C. Durand Chapman.

From Town Talk.

"*A SUMMER FLIRTATION.*"



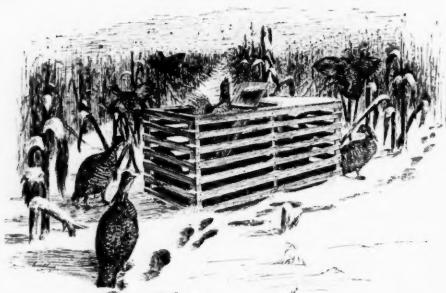
Drawn by H. Pruett Share.

From Once A Week.

"*ART FOR THE POOR.*"

Drawn by A. S. Daggy.
From Life.

"*TESTING HIS GRIP.*"



*Drawn by Stoddard Goodhue.
From The Cosmopolitan.
"THE PRAIRIE HEN."*



*Drawn by S. D. Elshart.
From Puck.
"WOMAN'S RECKLESSNESS."*

seen in recent numbers of *The Century* are the vigorful and intensely artistic facsimiles of etchings by Anders Zorn. These copper drawings are done with an infinite grace and an apparent abandon which is the soul of art and the result of long hours of studious labor. A sketch of the artist's life are true to the originals and bold in the extreme; as

The reproductions which accompany a



*Drawn by Hugh M. Eaton.
From New York Ledger.
"ZYLPHY FOLED THE "SCHOONER"."*



Drawn by F. D. Steele.

From Life.

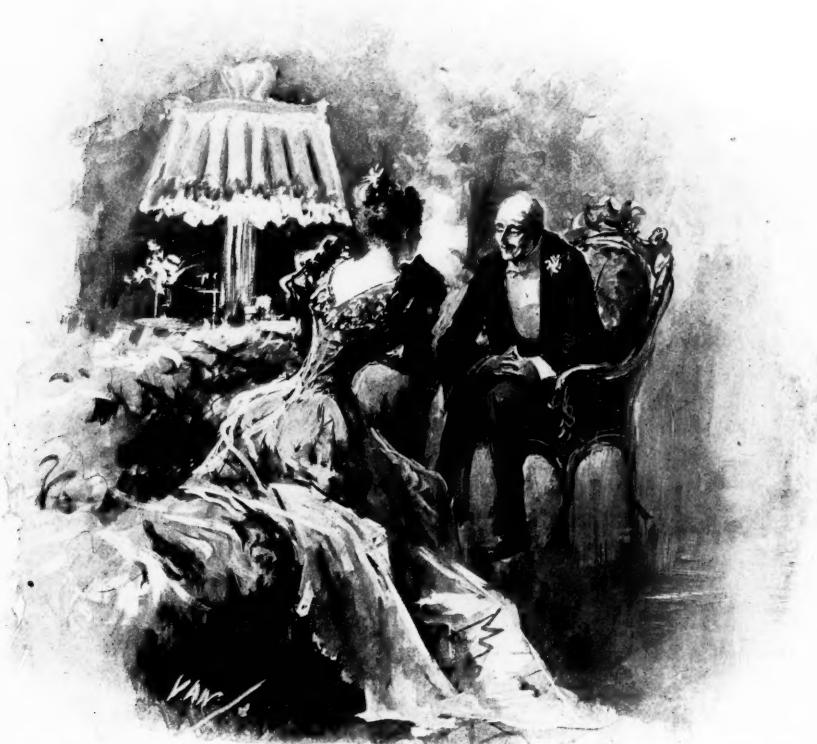
"SLANDER."



Drawn by C. J. Taylor.

From Puck.

"THE PLACE FOR INFORMATION."



Drawn by S. W. Van Schaick.

From Life.

"TOO YOUNG FOR HER."



*Drawn by M. B. Chapman.
From Puck.
"LUCILLE."*



*Drawn by Charles Broughton.
"A VASSAR GRADUATE."*



*Drawn by T. Piezotta.
From The Overland Monthly.
"THE BUGLER."*



*Drawn by R. Lionel de Lisser.
From Godey's Magazine.
"THE PATIENT."*



*Drawn by W. A. McCullough.
From Our Animal Friends.
"ON THE ALERT."*



*Drawn by Grace Hudson.
From The Overland Monthly.
"MISTIZA."*



Drawn by
A. Franzen.
From
The Cosmopolitan.

full of spirit and character as any piece of needle picturing by Whistler. To the illustrator Mr. Zorn's exquisite drawings of "Olga B." and his strong, freely handled likeness of Ernest Renan should be an inspiration; these pictures show how beautifully the most direct as well as subtle results are obtainable with but slight effort and an absolute simplicity of method.

For August, Harper's offers a classically cold and correct frontispiece, by Luc Olivier Merson. Exceptionally graceful in point of technic are Howard Pyle's pen studies. In this class of illustration Pyle has evolved a style of drawing that is prettily unique, and so fresh in its way that none can fail to enjoy the effort put forth. It is an odd but pleasing combination we find in this man's work with his Puritanical sentiment and butterfly fancy—a sort of wed-
ding of the sombre thought-dragon to the



Drawn by L. M. Glackens.
"OX-TAIL SOUP."

From Youth.



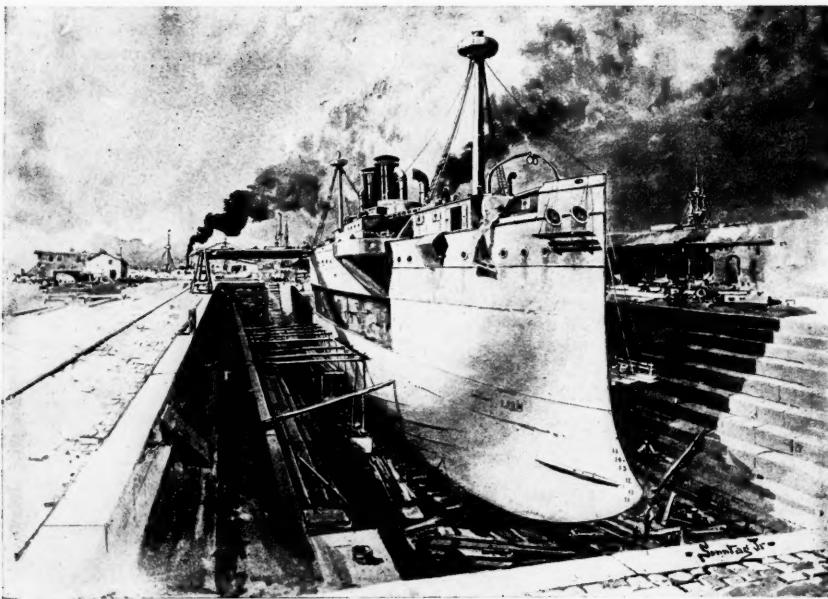
Drawn by A. Brennan. From McClure's Magazine.

"A SEA FIGHT."



Drawn by E. L. Durand. From Godey's Magazine.

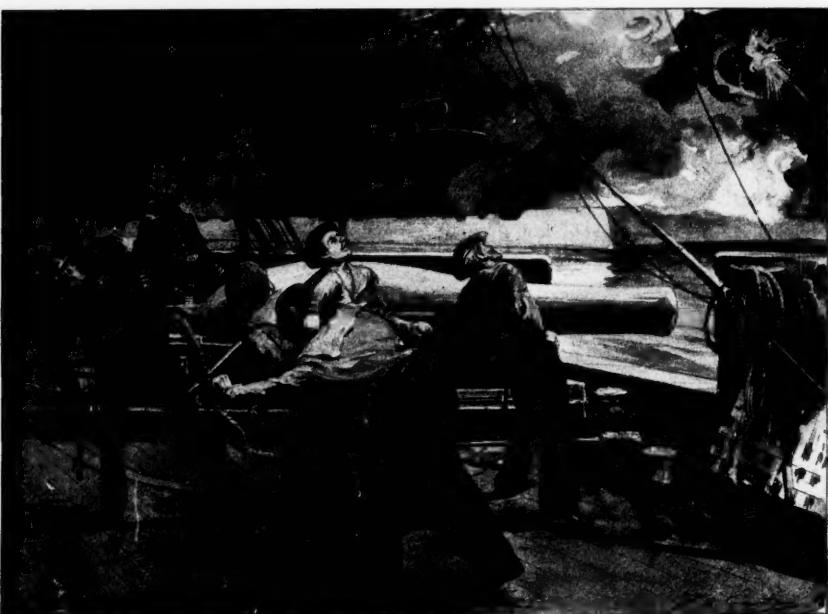
"TOO LATE."



Drawn by W. L. Sonntag, Jr.

From Once A Week.

"THE UNITED STATES CRUISER MAINE."



Drawn by F. A. Carter.

From New York Ledger.

"ESCAPING FROM FORT FISHER."

gay-winged creature, imagination. The cultivated forest of type which stretches its even length through the three recent numbers of Scribner's Magazine is pleasantly broken at frequent intervals with the choice flowers of illustration transplanted from many local gardens of art. With the June number McClure's Magazine made its debut into magazinedom. There are many excellent points about this new aspirant for popular patronage. The juvenile magazines for three months back, headed by St. Nicholas, are replete with pleasing pictures. J. O. Davidson, H. A. Ogden, the ever delightful R. B. Birch, Jo. Pennell, Harry Fenn, Guy Rose, Meredith Nugent, Alfred Brennan, and indeed nearly every illustrator of talent and note has got his handiwork between the covers of St. Nicholas. By such men as these, good illustration is being materially advanced, and when any material progress is apparent in the art monochromatic, one can have but slight cause for anticipating future retrogression.



Drawn by T. V. Chominski.

"A CHANGE OF STYLE."

From *Life*



ROSALIND C. PRATT.



G. A. TRAVER.



F. M. HOWARTH.



BRUCE CRANE.



F. G. ATTWOOD.



ALICE BARBER STEPHENS.



GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.



HARRY ROSELAND.



ALBERT D. BLASHFIELD.



VICTOR PERARD.



H. D. NICHOLS.



KATHERINE ALLMOND HULBERT.



CHARLES S. REINHART.



HARRY S. WATSON.



CHARLES HOWARD JOHNSON.



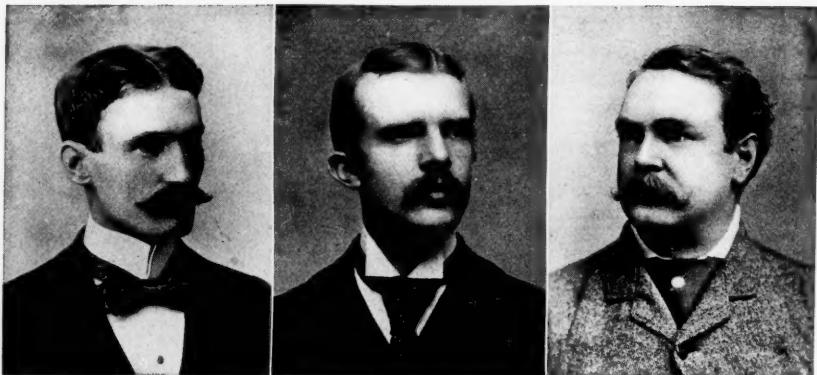
J. H. DOLPH.



M. R. DIXON.



FRANK DE HAVEN.



CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

EDWARD PENFIELD.

JULIAN O. DAVIDSON.



MARIE GUISE NEWCOMB.

FRANK O. SMALL.

H. MARTIN BEAL.



C. M. RELVEA.

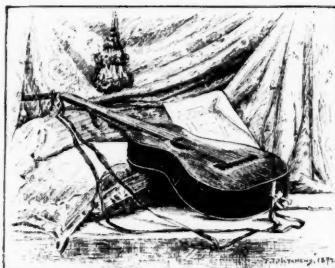
FRANK P. BELLEW.

AGNES D. ABBATT.

THE MAKING OF MASTERPIECES.

BY EDGAR MAYHEW BACON.

(With original illustrations by prominent American artists of their best pictures.)



Drawn by F. T. Hutchens.

"MY GUITAR."

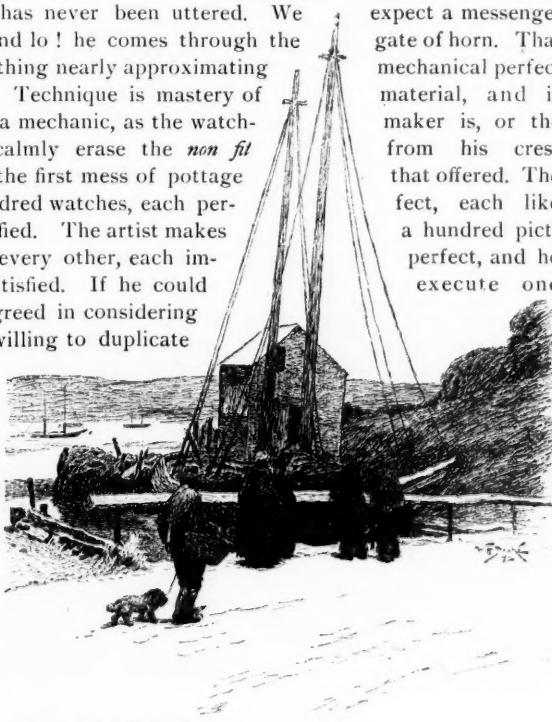
the biggest inspiration gets away, and so does everything else that is absolutely worthy and perfect and inestimable. The best thought (let it be said for our comfort and encouragement) has never been uttered. We through the ivory gates, and lo ! he comes through the does not mean that something nearly approximating may not be attained. Technique is mastery of the artist could merely be a mechanic, as the watch-cabinetmaker, he could calmly erase the *non fit* and sell his birthright for the first mess of pottage watchmaker makes a hundred watches, each perfectly, and he is satisfied. The artist makes ure, each different from every other, each im- is vastly and forever dissatisfied. If he could which he and the world agreed in considering perfect he would not be willing to duplicate it. Rather, like Thorwaldsen, he would throw down his hands and weep because there was nothing left to strive for. There is the deep and impassable gulf which is forever fixed between the mechanic and the artist. But the fisherman brings to the meeting of his peers not only the story of the fish which he failed to land, but the actual body of the best and largest

Down the banks of the Dove, or by some rushing Norway river or placid Adirondack lake, Izaak Walton or one of his gentle disciples goes a-fishing. Many are the salmon, grayling, trout, and pickerel displayed when the anglers meet to compare and discuss. But the biggest fish ?

" Let me see. That fellow that I landed in the rifle was a beauty, but he was nothing to the one that I hooked just below the fall. You should have seen him ! What did I do with him ? Why, don't you understand, he got away."

The biggest fish always does get away ; and

expect a messenger gate of horn. That mechanical perfection, and if maker is, or the from his crest that offered. The feet, each like a hundred pictures perfect, and he execute one



Drawn by W. H. Drake.

"MISTY WEATHER."

that he did succeed in capturing. So the artist brings not only the description of that vision which has eluded him, but the best actual accomplishment of which he has been capable so far, his high-water mark of success. Nor let any one suppose that he offers that which in his innermost heart he thinks the worthiest. Be sure that, if closely questioned, the contributor would own at last, in confidence, that somewhere—in his studio, or perhaps, better still, hanging on the wall beneath which is the desk of some sweet correspondent who occasionally looks up and remembers him—that somewhere there is a picture, "a little thing but his own," in which he has more nearly expressed his highest thought. But he will say, also in strictest confidence, that the critics would have none of it.

His modesty forbids that he shall rely upon his own judgment, which friends and critics conspire to convince him is absolutely worthless—as though a man could see to create and then suddenly be too blind to compare. He offers his most successful work, that which in the scales has tipped the greatest number of ounces of public approbation—or of dollars, which is only another way of saying



Drawn by W. C. Fitter.

"EARLY SPRING."



Drawn by E. L. Henry.

"VACATION TIME."

the same thing. It is more than interesting to hear what an artist, conscious that his best cannot be exhibited, has to say about that which the world calls his best, and concerning which he himself is only conscious that it is not his worst. In the following pages these imaginative, sensitive artists meet and tell us what they know about that which they best know (and know best), and concerning which we cannot do better than know. And we may listen and learn, and be conscious still that back of all that they have said there is vastly more that they know, unsaid, and that cannot be said, or that they might say and we could never comprehend.

NOTE.—The finest and most generally excellent piece of monochrome art turned from the brush or quill-point of an accomplished illustrator must needs give the latter as full a measure of self-satisfaction as does the most

praiseworthy canvas give its ambitious maker. It is a difficult task for the illustrator to pick out from the mass of his black and white productions that drawing which, from every point of criticism, may be said to be his best pictorial attainment.

This difficulty has so stoutly confronted Frank P. Bellew ("Chip") that he cries in his

confusion, "Here are two or three sketches of which I can only say they are not quite so condemnably bad as most of my other pictures." But the cry is that of healthy modesty, for "Chip" has banished many a fit of indigo demons from the fun-famished souls of comic-paper readers. W. P. Bodfish, versatile with pencil and pen-point, has accomplished at least



*Drawn by Jasper F. Cropsey.
"VIEW ON THE HUDSON."*



*Drawn by Benjamin Lander.
"THE NEW MOON."*



Drawn by Joseph H. Boston.

"GLADYS."

two satisfactory pieces of art work—one an illustration drawn for the New York Ledger, the other a painting exhibited some nine years ago in the National Academy of Design. The painting is called "After the Haying," and is prized by its maker chiefly for its tonal qualities and its excellently rendered twilight effect. The artist's interest in his model posed in this picture has much to do with his liking for it. "As one's *best* painting does not sell," says Mr. Bodfish, "and this one did not, it is perhaps the best thing I have yet done."

William Verplanck Birney, popularly known as a painter of charming household episodes, and pretty women prettily posed within old English rooms and amid the most picturesque furnishings, believes that his finest canvas is the one which shows him in his most unique mood—that of sorrow and tragedy. In the large painting, "Deserted," there is as much dramatic force as can be seen upon the stage, and as a work of art pure and simple it is *par excellence*. Some idea of the principal characters in this pictured drama may be gleaned from Mr. Birney's pencil sketch, which is printed with this.

Carle J. Blenner, though young in years, is an artist whose careful work has brought him into notice and popularity. His best picture is the one he has here portrayed, and in it one may find the true reason of his art advancement and his ever increasing scope.

The most important work of Joseph H. Boston is his portrait of a child—"Gladys." The painting is now in the World's Fair art exhibition. The little girl, rosy-cheeked and large-eyed, dressed in some dark brown stuff, stands before a dark green background. The picture is of the size of life, and is an admirable piece of brush-work.



Drawn by Bruce Crane.

"THE WANING YEAR."



Drawn by C. A. Burlingame.

"UP FOR REPAIRS."

Says Maria Brooks, whose special line of art is the portraiture of children, referring to her best picture: "It is a difficult matter for me to say anything about my masterpiece—the picture which I think the best of all I have painted—for my finest picture, my masterpiece, is as yet unpainted. I did once hope to paint such an one, and at the time 'Wayfarers' (which

is my best up to date) was finished, what might have been my masterpiece was planned and some sketches made for it.

"The subject was a grand Biblical procession, and one which, as far as I know, has never been put on canvas. But circumstances over which I had no control obliged me, though with reluctance, to abandon the idea." Miss Brooks' "Wayfarers" is by all odds the cleverest and most soundly artistic canvas she has yet finished, and too much can scarcely be said in its praise.

C. A. Burlingame is not what one would call a prolific painter, though the pictures which leave his easel are full of that fine feeling for composition and color that denotes the born artist in the striving man. The accompanying sketch is from a water-color drawing, and Mr. Burlingame believes it is his best bit of picture-making, though he declares his liking for the thing is wholly undefinable.

A little picture, low in tone and aglow with a quiet charm of color, is Rudolph F. Bunner's "In Doors," exhibited at the Academy some years ago. Mr. Bunner says it is his best production up to the moment. It belongs in the class of subjects which particularly appeal to this painter, and in the fixing of which he has more than once achieved a most satisfying result.



Drawn by W. Verplanck Birney.

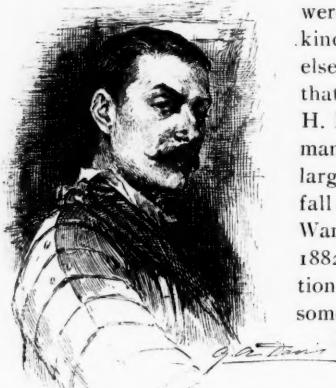
"DESERTED."



Drawn by Francis Wheaton.

"A FLOCK OF SHEEP."

That master landscapist, Bruce Crane, when the query was put to him, "Of all your canvases, which do you consider the very finest?" replied in a somewhat evasive vein, but with perfect candor: "My best picture? Sometimes I give my best picture a coat of white. What is the best is always an open question, and I am not prepared to decide on my own case. But I can speak positively of the picture that brought me much reward. In 1878 I painted some green canvases, with apple-blossoms and geese. Real green pictures were something of a novelty then, and the public took kindly to them; in fact, they would look at nothing else from my brush, and the belief was well grounded that I could only paint 'green pictures.' Mr. Richard H. Halsted, a generous amateur and a good friend to many young artists, gave me a commission for a very large November landscape, after having seen some fall studies that I had just made. The result was 'The Waning Year,' exhibited in the Spring Academy of 1882. This was considered my first serious production. Anyway, it brought me considerable praise and some emoluments. The production of this November landscape put an end to 'green pictures.'



Drawn by Georgina A. Davis.

"A MAN IN ARMOR."

Concerning 'The Waning Year,' I can only say that it is one of my best efforts, and thank the good fortune that came to me through the faith of the generous amateur who helped me out of my peagreen predicament."

Jasper F. Cropsey is one of the pioneers of art in this part of the country, and he has been painting since 1844—a long time to be handling a brush. In all these years he has covered many canvases, and the best thing he has done is the Hudson River scene, a sketch of which accompanies these lines. Mr. Cropsey has a charming home at Hastings-on-the-Hudson, and the country round about offers many an inspiration for his persistent brush.



Drawn by Ella F. Poll.

"SALOME."

One of the pleasant surprises of illustrated journalism was the publication, in Frank Leslie's Weekly, some months ago, of the first and only portrait ever published of Ruth Cleveland, the much talked about daughter of President Cleveland. This portrait was sketched from the life, and was published at a time when every illustrated newspaper and magazine in the land was striving, by some means, to secure the counterfeit presentment of the youthful Miss Cleveland. The portrait referred to was drawn by Georgina A. Davis, and was made at the President's summer home at Buzzard's Bay. The popularity which this piece of work brought to the artist was undoubtedly pleasing to her, but the picture which has given her most self-satisfaction, and won for her greatest applause among her fellow-artists, is the painting of a man in armor, a sketch of which is printed with this.

The "Battle between the Constitution and Guerriere" has often been referred to by competent critics as the masterpiece of Julian O. Davidson, the marine painter, although the artist himself insists that this



Drawn by Rudolph F. Bunner.

"IN DOORS."

picture is but his second best. Curiously enough, this painting forms a part of the drop curtain in the Macdonough Theatre, at Oakland, California, which does not alter the fact, however, that it is a superbly executed picture. The canvas which Mr. Davidson believes to be his most successful bit of brush-work also depicts an American sea-fight, and is rich in the finer qualities of color and composition, though there is less of vim in it than is displayed in the artist's curtain painting.

Anent the prime artistic effort of Frank De Haven's life, he tells that it was exhibited at the famous Prize Fund Exhibition held in the American Art Galleries of New York in 1889. "The picture," says Mr. De Haven, "attracted more attention than has any other work of mine before or after this event. The scene is a sunset view looking eastward across great sand dunes, the tops of which are bathed in golden



Drawn by M. R. Dixon.

"INTO EACH LIFE SOME RAIN MUST FALL."

light, while the base of each creamy hummock and the marshes thereabout are in cool shadows. The whole effect is reflected in a broad pond separated from the indigo sea just beyond by the pyramidal sand dunes. The sky is filled with thin, vaporous clouds, blue-tinged at the horizon by the on-creeping night, but blending into warm reddish grays at the zenith." The picture differs radically from any other work produced by Mr. De Haven. It has been warmly praised by this artist's fellow-brushmen, and commendation from such a source is full of meaning. The picture is called "Evening at Manomet," and reveals the character of certain portions of the wild Maine coast with pleasing fidelity. The sketch of the painting that Mr. De Haven has made but inadequately suggests the attractiveness of the original.

A representative Canadian woman artist is Mrs. M. E. Dignam. She has accomplished much that is good in the way of artistic portraiture. Speaking of her work, she remarks :

"No picture has given me any sudden acquisition of fame. My first work as an amateur was well received, and my reputation has kept gaining with each year's work. My first essay was in portraiture, which brought me only a local reputation. While studying at the Art League in New York, I painted flowers in the studio of Mrs. Julia Dillon, merely for recreation. During the last ten years, my pictures of native flowers and garden scenes have won for me wide recognition. I paint

no studio pictures, for all my work is done out-of-doors, and painted from direct contact with nature. I am much too fond of landscapure to sacrifice it to the figures which go with it. Whatever they may be, my pictures must be characteristic of the landscape environment. As the result of out-of-door study in simple landscape painting, the picture 'Clouds and Sunshine'



Drawn by Walter Satterlee.

"THE LIGHTENED LOAD."



Drawn by Maria Brooks.

"THE WAYFARERS."

is, according to public judgment, my most ambitious and most successful effort." Mrs. Dignam's pictures have in them a breadth and vigor that make them exceptionally grateful to connoisseurs.

A sweet, poetic theme, delicately but straightforwardly executed, is the painting by Miss M. R. Dixon which bears the title, "Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall." The picture was shown in the Spring exhibit of the National Academy of Design, and elicited favorable comment from many lips and pens. A sketch of this charming composition is published with this. That acute picture judge, Thomas B. Clarke, is the pleased possessor of the canvas, and when recently he was offered double the price he had paid for it, he stoutly refused to sell.

Will H. Drake is chiefly noted by his illustrative work, but his main professional occupation does not prevent him from painting, now and again, some choice landscapic theme or interesting group of figures. The drawing reproduced with this article is from his master effort, and it is unfortunate that its exquisite coloring cannot be shown. Mr. Drake is most at home in water-color work, the beautiful medium in which his best picture was painted.

A landscape limner of great virility and keenly sensitive perceptions is C. Harry Eaton. His careful essays in the interpretation of nature have found appreciation in many art displays, and it is safe to remark that few painters of Ameri-

can scenery are so thoroughly familiar with local out-of-door life as this artist. He is a student of weather moods, and to him the woods and meadows are open books, whose contents are of absorbing interest. Even the little sketch of his masterpiece which is given with these notes reveals that fact.

George Wharton Edwards, who writes as charmingly as he



Drawn by John A. Fraser.

"IN THE HEART OF SCOTLAND."



Drawn by C. Harry Eaton.

"A MARSH MEADOW."

paints, and pursues both arts with more than ordinary results, describes a well-known work from his brush in the following entertaining manner : "The story of the inception of the writer's best picture and its reception at the Palais d'Industrie at Paris may be interesting to the layman as well as to the artist. The writer reached Belgium early in the summer of 1882, and at once sought the sea-coast, where he was persuaded he would find the class of subject in which he was most interested. He finally found himself at a small town, Blankenberghe, a few miles north of Ostende. Imagine a collection of small, yellow-stuccoed, one-story houses situated behind the dunes, and clustering like a flock of chickens about a venerable gray-towered church. A flat stretch of sandy beach, upon which, arranged in orderly rows, were nearly forty of the most picturesque, blunt-bowed, lee-boarded fishing-boats, which for an artist's purposes were unequalled. The tide was washing up about them, and here and there the fisherwomen were slowly walking shoreward, basket laden, waist deep in the pale green surf. These women were brawny, bronzed, and costumed in white caps and sombre, low-toned bodices and skirts, the latter held well up toward the waist, so as not to impede the wearer's movements. The sky was gray and stormy, and the reflections of the boats, with their velvety tanned brown and yellow sails, were deep in the wash of the beach.

*Drawn by Archie Gunn.
"MY FAVORITE MODEL."*



*Drawn by Rheda Holmes Nicholls.
"EVENING BELLS."*

"Two women were coming towards him laden with huge baskets of glistening fish, and as they got in line with some of the boats the writer saw his picture. For weeks he painted, and finally his picture was completed—out of doors—and to the wonderment and applause of the townspeople, who, perhaps, were as much interested in the work as the painter. It was his ambition to exhibit it at the Salon in Paris. Well he knew that thousands sent their pictures in, only to achieve the success of refusal. He journeyed to Paris with the precious picture securely rolled and packed in a coffin-shaped box. In Paris he knew

few of the painters, and these encouraged him in his resolve to exhibit it. In company with his friend, the late Arthur Quartley, who was also making his pilgrimage to the Mecca of art, he obtained a blank application from an artist color man on the Seine, and to the latter the precious first picture was intrusted. The writer called the picture 'Le Retour de la Pêche.' Then it was sent to the Salon, and then—then he waited in a fever of impatience with intervals of blank despair. He learned that more than five thousand pictures were sent in every year, and of these five thousand some nine hundred only were hung, and that the pictures were simply carried before the seated members of the jury, who eyed them coldly, and if they attracted

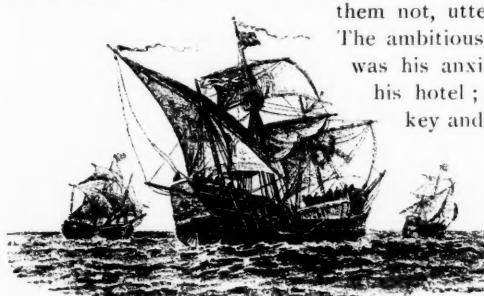
them not, uttered no word. The weeks passed. The ambitious artist could not sleep or eat, such was his anxiety. One morning he returned to his hotel; there in the rack containing his key and candle he saw a long envelope—a pale yellow envelope. It lay upon his table for hours, with the recipient seated beside it, fearful to open it.

"With an energy born of despair the envelope was torn open at last; a pale greenish-white ticket dropped out and a paper whereon was printed,

'M. le Ministre des Beaux Arts has the honor of informing you that your picture, "Le Retour de la Pêche," is registered under the number 887,' etc. His picture was accepted! That day all the world was in a rosy glow to the writer. His picture was hung *on the line*, and M. Albert Woolf, the celebrated critic of the Figaro, was pleased to commend it in the columns of that journal.

"The writer received commissions for other pictures, and the following year he achieved a medal. All this was eleven years ago, but he will never forget the sensation of standing in the Salon, oblivious to all surroundings, before his first Salon picture—picture No. 887, which hung on the line—*Eheu fugaces.*"

Just what this important painting was like is easily seen by referring to Mr. Edwards' sketch. It is a bold and breezy work, and well deserved the honor put upon it by the Salon jury.



Drawn by Jas. G. Tyler.

"THE THREE CARAVELS."



Drawn by Carle J. Blenner.

"CONTENTMENT."



Drawn by M. E. Dignam.

"CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE."

W. C. Fitler is a landscape painter who loves the tender aspects of nature, and woos the wild life of the air when the weather is balmy and the breeze is asleep. His pictures are in great demand, for art followers are more enamoured of the calmly picturesque than of the noisy in natural transcripts. Mr. Fitler's best picture is forcibly characteristic of all that went before its execution or have followed after.

John A. Fraser is one of the very few of our elder artists who have kept themselves in touch with the later days of their lives—a truly refreshing thing to see. Says Mr. Fraser by way of comment upon an artist's best picture and its evolution :

"It is difficult for one who is always in earnest to say which work he considers his best, but there are reasons why I may consider 'The Heart of Scotland' my most successful painting. First, it is a majestic motive, and failure to convey its full spirit would be absolute. It is unusually large for a work in pure water-color without a trace of 'body' color or

pastel; but I used the knife freely and fearlessly, especially in the sky, and secured that luminosity which only transparent water-color on white paper can give. In spite of the serious individuality of its style, and consequent non-conformity to the frivolous and formulated mannerism of the landscape *à la mode*, the highest jury in the world, at the most select and conservative exhibition held for years at the Salon in the Champs Elysées in Paris, gave it the very best place among the aquarelles. The French journals



Drawn by F. De Haven.

"EVENING AT MANOMET."

were unanimous as to its possessing the greatest desirable qualities—in a Frenchman's eyes—originality and strength. Such recognition proves that it is still possible to command intelligent respect and admiration by honestly and independently expressing the thought that is one's own. But then I have yet to paint my best picture, and you know, *ars longa, vita brevis.*"

"Archie" Gunn is an illustrator whose name has been associated for two years past with Truth, the New York illustrated weekly. His fancy turns most strongly to pretty women and the average "man about town," of whom much is written and pictured, and but little seen. Mr. Gunn has an airy imagination and a decisive way of drawing, which gives his illustrative



Drawn by Harry Roseland.

"CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENCE."



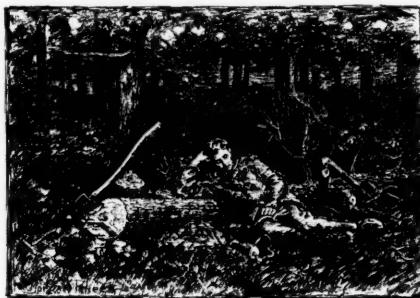
Drawn by P. E. Rudell.

"IN A DEVONSHIRE FOREST."

work a more than casual interest.

The most important painting produced by E. L. Henry, whose specialty is quaint figures of quiet people quaintly depicted, is the large nine-foot canvas illustrating the initial excursion of the first railway ever constructed in New York State. The picture contains fifty figures, and abounds in historical details, carefully painted. Another picture, not quite so important as the railway subject, but more characteristic of the artist, is the "Vacation Time," here reproduced.

The simple title "Study of a Guitar" conveys but little sense of the beauty of



Drawn by J. Morgan Rhee.

"THE YOUTH OF LINCOLN."

Frank T. Hutchens' best picture. The original is a large water-color painting, and represents the tuneful instrument so dear to the Spanish heart, surrounded by colorful draperies. The picture was shown in a recent exhibition of the National Academy of Design, and brought forth much praise.

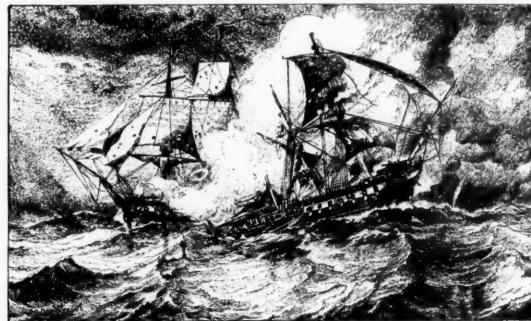
Benjamin Lander's drawing of "The New Moon" is considerably the most interesting of his numerous fine productions. Of the picture he says:

"It is my most influential landscape,

as the success of the large etching I

made from it led me to lay down other art tools for those of an etcher. I should be sorry to say, however, that it is my greatest achievement, since it was one of my early efforts. The scene is laid at Flatlands, L. I. The original picture is owned in Brooklyn, and the etching was published in 1885. A selection of my works was exhibited at the International Exhibition of the Vienna Graphic Arts Society in 1886, and 'The New Moon' was selected for representation in the illustrated catalogue, for which I made a small etching."

Rhoda Holmes Nicholls' greatest picture is "Evening Bells," a sketch of which she has made from her notable painting. The picture was first shown in the American Art Galleries of New York, and received a gold medal at the Prize Fund Exhibition there given in 1886. Mrs. Nicholls' masterpiece has been etched, and the reproduction in



Drawn by J. O. Davidson.

"BATTLE BETWEEN THE CONSTITUTION AND THE GUERRIERE."



Drawn by Frank P. Bellew.

"ONE CONSOLATION."



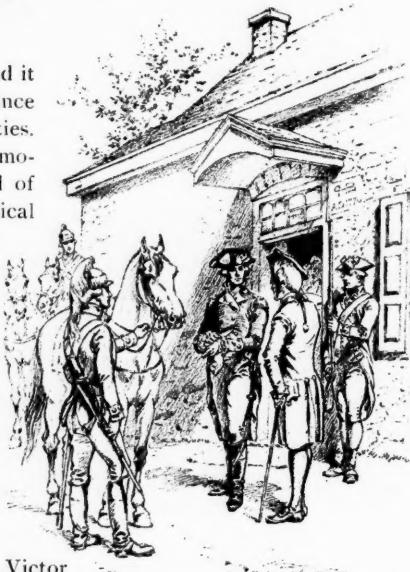
Drawn by Harry S. Watson.

"WHEELING."

New York, and the following year showed it at the Spring Academy Exhibition. Since then it has been displayed in Western cities. The picture represents Salome at the moment when she first discovers the head of John the Baptist. The purely physical nature of Salome revolts against the ugliness of the decapitated head. She is unable to perceive the spiritual light emanating from it, a light which illuminates herself, and by which alone she is visible in history. My other important works are 'Adam,' painted for and exhibited in the Salon of 1889, and afterward in the New York Academy of Design, and a new picture, recently completed, and entitled 'The Storm Gods of the Rig-Veda.'

The most satisfactory drawing which Victor Perard has made up to date is a view of the great naval parade last April. The drawing made a large four-page supplement to Harper's

this form became immensely popular all over the country. The "Salome" of Miss Ella F. Pell's creation is an admirable picture and may well be considered her finest general achievement. Of this picture the artist says: "Although not the greatest, I consider it one of my important works. It was painted in Paris and exhibited in the Salon of 1890. I brought it to



Drawn by H. A. Ogden.

"WASHINGTON AT NEWBURGH."



Drawn by R. M. Shurtleff.

"THE SILENT WOODS."

Weekly. Next to this drawing, the scene in Printing House Square, New York, on the eve of the last Presidential election, is Mr. Perard's cleverest bit of black-and-white work. Julian Rix has painted many subjects in many ways, but never has he succeeded in excelling himself since he completed his beautiful canvas, "A Misty Morning." The poetry and soothing silence

*Drawn by Victor Perard.**"PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE."*

handling without any of the painter's occasional faults.

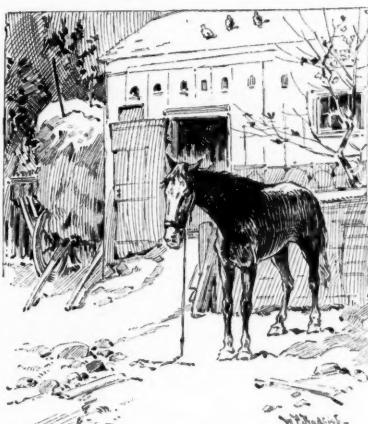
P. E. Rudell, writing of his best picture, "A Devonshire Forest," says : "It is a reminiscence of a spot in the forest near Chagford, Devonshire, England, and was painted purely from memory. I was wont to sketch near the banks of the source of the river Teign, and one afternoon, on my way back from sketching, walking along this old path, I was particularly attracted by the beautiful play of this afternoon sunlight. I was so strongly impressed that the scene became a part of myself. It was not until one afternoon the following winter, while idling away my time in my Paris studio, that my thoughts wandered back to Devonshire. Then this scene came upon me so vividly that the desire to paint it became very strong. Late as it was, I seized my brushes and palette, and painted until compelled by the gathering darkness to stop ; my picture, however, was nearly completed.

"The following day I set about to put on the finishing touches, but somehow there was something disappointing. It failed in that fine stereoscopic quality I so strongly felt and desired. In the keenness of my disappointment I became desperate, and deliberately went to work to paint out the picture. It was while doing this that the beauty and strength of the scene came upon me. I stopped the work of destruction, wiped off some of the paint, and ere dark finished the picture, not touching it again, as I felt I had accomplished my desire, though I painted only about seven hours on the canvas. I felt it was my best picture, because it so truthfully conveyed the beauty of the scene."

The best picture that Walter Satterlee has thus far painted is his Brittany subject, "The Lightened Load." He has striven to

of an early morning effect is realized with marvellous fidelity and artistic feeling. In the original painting one feels the reality of the pictured scene, and forgets for a while that the effect is only the result of a clever artistry.

The two pretty country girls in Harry Roseland's picture, "Confidential Correspondence," have caused him as much visual satisfaction on canvas as they must have caused him in the life. The picture is much the best thing that Mr. Roseland has yet completed, and it has all the niceties of his style and

*Drawn by W. P. Bodfish.**"AFTER THE HAYING."*

convey in the picture that strange mixture of hard toil and pure sentiment frequently found among the peasantry of France. The old man in Mr. Satterlee's painting is a type of the Breton grandparent, a type not frequently encountered nowadays.

"The Silent Woods" is the expressive title bestowed upon the masterpiece of R. M. Shurtleff, one of the best painters of wood interiors that we have today in this country. Concerning this picture, Mr. Shurtleff writes: "In this painting I felt that I had got atmosphere and light—light that pervaded even the darkest parts; that the anatomy of the ground was well felt, that the picture was more of a unit than any I had done before." The picture is certainly the finest of a long line of similar subjects dealt with by Mr. Shurtleff.

James G. Tyler, painter and lover of the sea, has at least one great picture which satisfies his self-imposed criticism. This is the popular canvas, "The Dream of the New World," his largest and most important work. Harry S. Watson is forging to the front as an illustrator of the magazines. He is a young man of great promise, and the best picture he has produced is the one sketched for this article and published herewith. Francis Wheaton touched the high-water mark of his achievement when he put forth the landscape here reproduced. Thus runs the tale of how a few of the notable "best pictures" were conceived and executed. There is a wealth of instruction, both inferential and direct, to be gleaned from such a symposium as is here arranged.

—ED.



Drawn by Julian Rix.

"A MISTY MORNING."



"LE RETOUR DE LA PÊCHE."

NEWSPAPER ART AND ARTISTS.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

(With original illustrations by leading artists of the American press.)



S AID Goethe : "We should look on a picture every day." But it is hardly probable that the German poet anticipated the achievements of latter-day American journalism. We are surfeited with pictures, many of them pretty bad pictures, but a good many of them far better than the enemies of illustrated daily journalism are willing to admit. There have been vast strides in this line of illustrative art within the past few years (years of productiveness), and our modern newspaper artist often manages to get a good deal of real art in the few pen scratches he is obliged to make pass for a picture. When one considers the limitations under which they work, the productions of the better class of newspaper artists are surprisingly good. Everything must, in the first place, be done in a hurry. Rapid work is the prerequisite in the modern newspaper office. Then the sketches must be open. If they are closely drawn, the lines will fill and the picture be a smudge, owing to the spongy paper, poor ink, and rapid press-work used in producing our newspapers. For these reasons newspaper illustrating has come to be a separate branch of art.

Occasionally, in illustrated critiques of art matters and the like which appear in the daily papers, the clever work of men whose brush and pencil products make the carefully prepared pages of the magazines eloquent with beauty, lose every charm of style and subject when given to the world through the blurred and uncertain medium of the hurriedly printed newspaper.

James Gordon Bennett, Sr., with The New York Herald, led in the matter of newspaper illustrating, as he led in every sagacious advance step in American journalism. The first cut he published was in 1837, just after the great Wall Street panic. It represented Satan playing at



Drawn by Charles Lederer.

"LEFT-HAND CUFF SKETCHES AT THE WORLD'S FAIR."

ten-pins in Wall Street. This was followed from time to time by others, and when General Taylor won the battle of Buena Vista, Mr. Bennett scored a signal beat over his contemporaries by printing a first-class portrait of the victorious general. The Herald's war maps have always been a famous feature and have added much to the prestige of the paper.

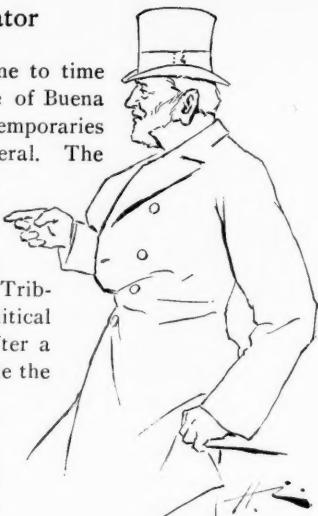
Horace Greeley, who always knew a good thing when he saw it, began to enliven the pages of the old New Yorker with occasional portraits. In The Tribune, which he founded later, he published the first political cartoon ever seen in a New York daily. It was after a Whig victory, and showed an old coon fiddling while the young ones were dancing.

With a few spasmodic exceptions, newspaper illustrating fell into desuetude with the larger papers until, one Sunday morning in February, 1884, Mr. Pulitzer's rejuvenated World burst upon an astonished public as a veritable picture paper. Pretty bad pictures some of them were, too, but they sent the circulation skyrocketting toward the zenith of pecuniary affluence. I happen to know, personally, that at that time it was Mr. Pulitzer's design to use the pictures as a "sensation" to attract public attention, and then to quietly weed them out until The World should be brought back to the terra firma of newspaperly dignity.



Drawn by C. Mortimer.

"THE NOBLEST ROMAN."



Drawn by H. Coultaus.

"A POLITICIAN."

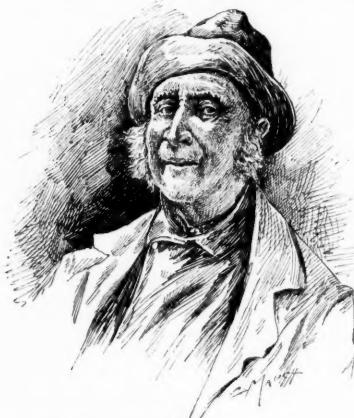
Mr. Pulitzer departed for Europe one day, and left orders for the weeding process to begin. It was a bit of proprietorial finesse characteristic not alone of Mr. Pulitzer. If the circulation of The World dropped under the picture elimination process, it was because of the absence of the great editor; if it kept steady or grew, the great editor was making a great paper. The circulation fell. In those days Business Manager George W. Turner used to revel in a series of charts of circulation which closely resembled the government weather maps. As the pictures were taken out the circulation line went lower, until it looked as if Turner would have to put a sub-cellars on his

chart, so to speak. Finally he and Colonel Cockerill grew desperate, and they determined to reverse the old seaman's maxim, and disobey orders rather than break owners. They illustrated everything and everybody, from Mrs. Astor's diamonds to the ball of the Lady Flashers, and the circulation shot up again in an almost straight line.

There has never been a second attempt to make *The World* an unillustrated paper. One after another, the other dailies were compelled to follow *The World's* example. *The Sun* sneered and scoffed, and then came out with a series of illustrated watering-place letters, and pictures of new fancies in ladies' hosiery and underwear which excited the

envy of *Town Topics* and sent the office cat into the sub-cellars, where that devoted animal blushed a beautiful and permanent scarlet. *The Telegram*, with the skilful pencils of De Grimm and Gribayedoff, had long been doing the best art work in town, and Mr. Bennett, quick to see the drift of public taste, set them at work on *The Herald*.

To-day I do not think there is a daily paper in New York or in any of the larger cities, with one or two exceptions, which has not its own engraving plant and staff of artists. *The Recorder*, *The Chicago Inter-Ocean*, and *The World* have successively put in rapid presses which will print in several colors at one impression. The ef-



Drawn by Carl Manch.

"A CHARACTER."

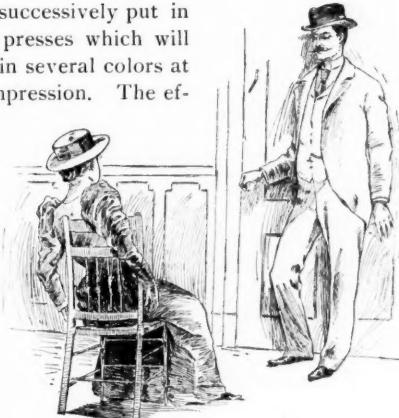
forts of *The Recorder* and *The World* have, so far, been hideous in the extreme. Mr. Kohlsaat, of *The Inter-Ocean*, has evidently secured a man trained in the French school, for by careful drawing and the use of tints instead of splotches of vivid color, he has produced some very pleasing effects.

The question has often been asked, "Will illustrations in the daily papers last?" and I reply unhesitatingly, "Yes." Newspaper illustrations have come to stay, and they will keep on improving in the future as in the past. Even the wild



Drawn by C. H. Wright.

"A GIRL I KNOW."



Drawn by W. J. Yoell.

"A LIVELY TALK."

color pages of *The Recorder* and *The World* will prove the starting point for great progress in newspaper art. So long as the human brain can grasp the details of form more readily through the medium of a drawing than through a printed description, so long will newspaper illustration continue and increase. So long as the cartoon and caricature are the most potent weapons in political warfare, so long will they be used in the daily press. Where there were a dozen competent newspaper artists in the country five years ago, there are a hundred to-day. The limitations of paper, press-work, and time will prevent the daily from ever encroaching on the field of the illustrated weekly, but it will compel the weekly and the monthly to keep well in advance. This sounds like an absurd statement when one compares the illustrated daily newspaper and the monthly of to-day. But compare the pictures in the daily with those in the monthly of thirty years ago.

Mechanical improvements?

Yes; but the world is still moving.

NOTE.—A truly remarkable change has come over newspaper illustration within the brief period of a half decade. It may be true or not, as you like it, that this vast business of picture-making for the press is being carried to a ridiculous extreme, but the fact still remains that the intelligent demand of the hour is

for newspaper illustrations and many of them—so that they be well made. We are a picture-reading people, and we crave the constant and profuse pictorial elucidation of current events; but, let it not be forgotten, we are much beyond that stage in the evolution of newspaper art where an inverted cut of a war map may be printed without fear of criticism in illustration of a ballroom scene, or a coarsely engraved shoe advertisement used in lieu of the President's portrait. Such impudent practices, once countenanced, if not commended, in highly civilized parts, have long since been left to the enlightening press of struggling Western villages. The newspaper illustrations of to-day are, in the main, worthy of careful scrutiny, and in a few notable instances are of positive artistic merit. The men whose facile draughting pens are responsible for the best of these



Drawn by William F. Hofacker.

"*SUNDAY MORNING AT QUARANTINE.*"



Drawn by Thomas Fleming.

"*A FIN DE SIECLE DUDE.*"

press pictures occupy a position in the world of art that is not, perhaps, an exalted one, but one which is certainly as estimable and influential as that held by the majority of our art industrians. The newspaper artist must of necessity be a man of many resources and an apt pencil. His ability to draw anything or everything at a moment's notice must be coupled with that prime qualification of a thorough journalist—the newspaper instinct. Of the men whose accomplishments in newspaper art have awakened comment and given them high position in the sphere of illustrative journalism, any piece of personal history or professional experience must be of general interest, and to this end the following notes, arranged for the most part from data furnished by the artists themselves, are given in the alphabetical order of the latter's names.

John Carleton Baker is one of the artistic lights of the New York World. He stepped into existence at Knoxville, Tenn., in 1867. He has had many experiences. Under the able direction of Lloyd Branson, this newspaper picturist learned the essential principles of art, which knowledge fired his ambition to be at work in his chosen field. In 1887 Mr. Baker went to Memphis, Tenn., and accepted a position as reporter and artist on the Appeal-Avalanche. The illustrations of that paper were made by the tedious and soul-trying chalk-plate process, which process, Mr. Baker thinks, is an excellent developer of industrious habits and profanity. In 1888 Mr. Baker found himself assistant editor of that brisk little weekly, the Sunny South, of Atlanta, Ga. In the early part of 1889 Mr. Baker returned to his native town, Knoxville, and associated himself with the Journal of that place. In the fore part of 1891 Mr. Baker came to New York, and for a time was a journalistic free-lance, writing special articles for various papers, and illustrating his own writings. Before he was in Gotham many weeks Mr. Baker joined the staff of artists employed by the New York World, and is to-day one of the cleverest cartoonists connected with Joseph Pulitzer's very enterprising journal.

Circumstances have peculiarly fitted Leon Barritt for the work of a cartoonist, as he has had a life-long association with newspaper work. He was a news-boy during the latter part of the civil war, and later a reporter, business manager, and proprietor of a newspaper. Such knowledge as



Drawn by W. W. Denslow.

"THE BRAVE."



Drawn by Homer C. Davenport.

"A BUCKING BRONCO."

he has of art matters has been acquired in leisure time from newspaper work, and for ten years or more past he has happily combined his art and literary labor. Mr. Barritt was born at Saugerties-on-the-Hudson, November 5, 1852. He early displayed a taste for art, and served a brief apprenticeship with a jewelry engraver in New York, acquiring such a knowledge of this art industry that he has (at such times as circumstances demanded it) made it a source of lucrative return. Mr. Barritt came to New York in 1889, from Middletown, N. Y., where he had been engaged in the publication of the Middletown Daily Argus. During the first year of his stay in New York Mr. Barritt did a general line of newspaper work, but finding an increasing demand for his cartoons, he opened a studio in the business quarter of New York, and now devotes his time entirely to the making of cartoons. For two years past this artist has been under contract to give the sprightly New York Daily Press all of his political cartoons, furnishing them with one large drawing every day. His work on social and other topics has appeared in Truth, and also in the Herald, Telegram, Mail and Express, Commercial Advertiser, and the Brooklyn Eagle and Standard-Union.



Drawn by H. Von Hofsten.

"HAPPY OLD AGE."



Drawn by J. F. Van Sant.

"THE FIRST SUMMER BOARDER."

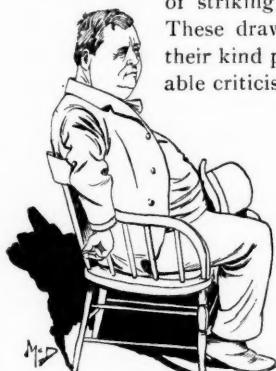
As clever as any kind of newspaper draughtsmanship now being done for the big dailies are the expressive and wholly artistic outline sketches of Henry Coultaus, the "H. C." of the New York Herald. Mr. Coultaus is a Gothamite of purest water, being born (in 1861) in the ninth or "old blue-blood" ward of New York City.

At the outset of his career he was a cash-boy in the famous dry-goods house of A. T. Stewart, but was sufficiently skilful with his pencil at the age of nineteen to become a special artist on the staff of *The Daily Graphic*—at that time the pace regulator of American illustrated journalism. When Mr. Coultaus left *The Graphic* it was to join forces with W. F. G. Shanks and his newspaper syndicate bureau. When Mr. Shanks became manager of the ill-fated *New York Star*, "H. C." was his chief art adviser. During the notorious Flack trial Mr. Coultaus furnished some startling court-room scenes and a series of striking portraits of every one directly interested in the case. These drawings were purely outline sketches, and were the first of their kind published in any New York newspaper. A deal of favorable criticism was passed upon these unique illustrations, and "H. C."

was immediately placed in a higher class among newspaper artists. Not long after this "hit," the *New York Herald* made a bid for Mr. Coultaus' services, and he has been with that paper ever since. His style is a perfectly simple one, and his method is direct. All in all, "H. C." is a strong individuality in the busy world of newspaper art.

One of the youngest of successful newspaper artists employed on a large journal is Walter B. Cox, whose drawings, reproduced in the *New York Tribune*, are always brimming with spirit and show the touch of a sensitive hand. Mr. Cox is but twenty-two years old, and the story of his life, as naively related by himself,

runs like this: "I was born November 26, 1871, in Pascagoula, Miss., and spent the first few years of my childhood in Mississippi. Then my parents moved to Louisville, Ky., where we lived about three years. We then moved back to Mississippi, on the gulf shore. While we were staying there my father died, and our family went to New Orleans, La. It was while in New Orleans that my art education began. After attending an art school for about four months, working two hours a day and attending a sketch class on Saturdays, I came northward and settled in Northampton, Mass. Realizing the difficulty of making a living as an artist in Northampton, I took a trip to

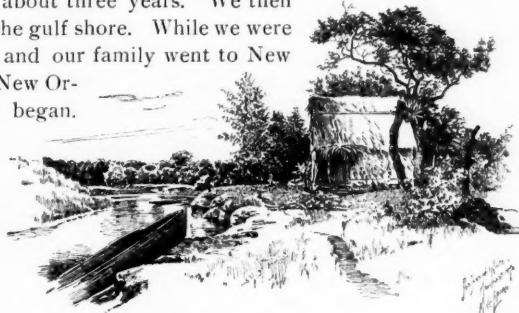


*Drawn by Wait. McDougall.
"THE COUNSELLOR."*



Drawn by Walter B. Cox.

"BARTHOLDI STATUE."



Drawn by M. de Lipman.

"NATIVE HUT IN THE TROPICS."



Drawn by Charles Howard Johnson.

"THE FLIGHT OF TIME."

this is the sort of perseverance which makes success yield to its desire. It is hardly disputable, at all events, that the sketches made by Walter B. Cox and printed in the Tribune rank with work of similar intention found in any of the illustrated sheets of the metropolis.

In the evergreen valley of the Willamette, Homer C. Davenport, whose work in the Chicago Herald is attractive and artistic, was born in 1867. On the Waldo Hills, covered with verdure and watered by cool springs, his boyhood days were spent. Almost from his cradle days the house walls suffered from his baby caricatures. The father, having some knowledge of the earlier American artists and the narrow margin between most of them and starvation, tried to turn his son's energies

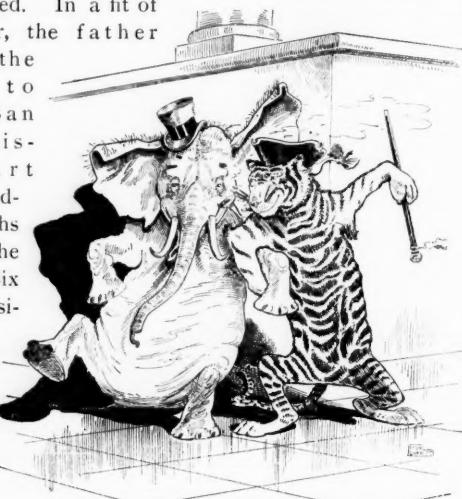
into what he considered a more lucrative channel. But the paternal persuasion was not yielded to by the would-be artist. A brief course in a commercial college resulted in a set of books highly ornamented with pen pictures of animated nature, but which the principal of the school declared were hopelessly unbalanced. In a fit of despair, the father sent the boy to the San Francisco Art

School, at which date, 1889, his credited tuition began. A few months there, and he began drawing for the Portland (Ore.) Sunday Mercury. Six months in that employ, and a transition to the San Francisco Examiner came about. A short experience as one of the artists of the San Francisco Chronicle, and up to the present moment an engagement with the Chicago Herald, completes to date the brief but rich career of one talented newspaper artist.



Drawn by Walt. McDougall.

"AT SEABRIGHT."

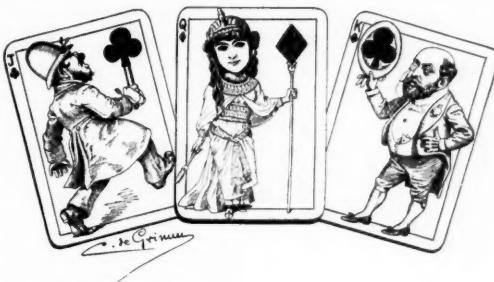


Drawn by Leon Barritt.

"A SOCIAL WALK."

Everyone who has scanned an illustrated newspaper must know the name and artistry of Constantin de Grimm. There are few newspaper artists more prolific, and none more original in thought and execution. He was born in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, December 30, 1845, when his father was chief instructor to the children of the Czar Nicholas; the Czar Alexander II. was one of his pupils. The father removing to Berlin in 1860, Constantin's further education was had there at the College Français and at the Dresden Gymnasium. He incurred his father's displeasure by refusing an opportunity to enter the diplomatic service, and went to Leipsic to furnish articles and illustrations for the magazine Daheim. In 1867 he entered the army, and in 1868 was made a lieutenant in Emperor William's own regiment, the First Regiment of Guards. In the Franco-Prussian war he received the Iron Cross for bravery on the field of battle. At Sedan, on September 1, 1871, in command of two companies of the First Regiment, he captured an entire battalion of the French rank and file. He resigned from the army in 1873 to become assistant editor of the Kladderadatsch, the leading comic German paper. A year later he founded Puck at Leipsic. In 1879 he removed to Paris and was for a year a student of the École des Beaux Arts. In 1881 he resumed journalism as a society reporter and dramatic critic, founded in 1883 the sumptuous Club Almanac, and for a year was the Paris correspondent of four London papers.

Baron de Grimm was transplanted from Paris to New York in 1884 by James Gordon Bennett, and did his best work for The Evening Telegraph. He quit Mr. Bennett's employ after three years, but six years later—October, 1892—was voted, by New York Herald readers, that paper's prize of \$2,000 for the most popular cartoonist. He is the art director of Hallo, the popular German comic illustrated weekly, an English edition of which begins publication this autumn. He has in press at the moment the De Grimm Portrait Souvenir, which contains some one thousand portraits of noted personages, all



Drawn by C. de Grimm.

"THREE OF A KIND."



Drawn by H. T. Smith.

"SKETCHES IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE."

Drawn by
Charles H. Wright.

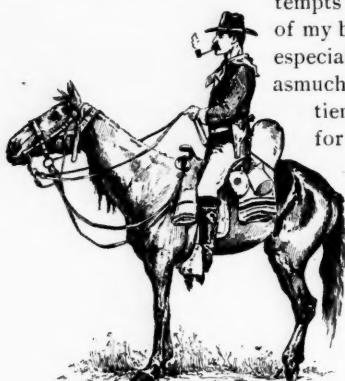
"THE BATHER."

drawn by his own hand. Baron de Grimm is an indefatigable worker. In the nine years of his residence in New York he has not taken a formal vacation of even one day.

Another press artist who was born beyond the Atlantic is M. de Lipman. He comes from Heiligenstadt, a suburb of Vienna, Austria, where he first saw light on the 4th of July, 1863. In speaking of his career M. de Lipman says: "My first artistic efforts date away back to the fourth year of my existence, when I began making, to me highly satisfactory, attempts at drawing portraits of my brothers and sisters, especially of the latter, inasmuch as they were patient enough to pose for more than half a

minute at a time. Later on, when I had demonstrated to the satisfaction, or rather dissatisfaction, of my parents, who wanted to make a business man of me, that art was the only profession in which I was at all likely to get along, I was permitted to take a course of instruction at the Academy of the Fine Arts in Vienna. Occasionally I contributed drawings to the local newspapers, but just where my maiden effort in that line was published has slipped my memory." A talented special artist, whose reputation is more

extended in the West than elsewhere, is W. W. Denslow of the Chicago Herald. Mr. Denslow's work is marked with a certain enthusiasm of touch which makes it sufficiently dissimilar to the ordinary efforts of the newspaper artist to call forth praise. His personal history is that of the busy newspaper worker the region round. Thomas Fleming of The Commercial Advertiser is well known in New York newspaper circles. Born in Philadelphia thirty-nine years ago, he was originally a lithographic artist, but achieved so much success as a pen portrait artist that he studied newspaper illustration for the purpose of making it a life vocation. When Col. John A. Cockerill left The New York World to buy out the ancient Commercial Advertiser and establish The Morning Advertiser, Mr. Fleming was with him at the start. For many reasons Valerian Gribayedoff is hailed as the father of



Drawn by T. Kytko.

"AN ARIZONA HORSEMAN."



Drawn by A. McNeill.

"PUSHED FOR MONEY."



Drawn by J. Redman.

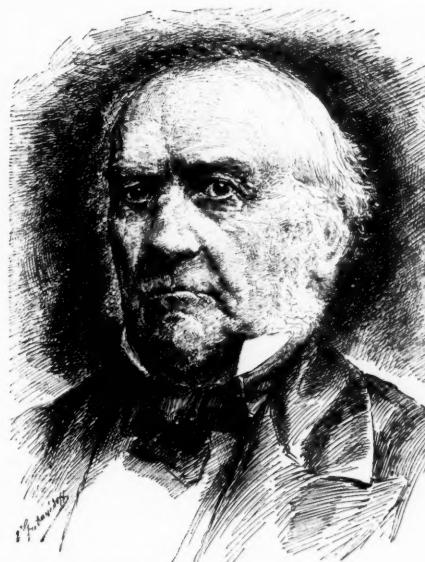
"A SUMMER GIRL AT PLAY."

daily newspaper illustrations. In a broad way it is the truth, and to no other man in newspaperdom is honor so richly due. "V. G.," as he signs himself, is a busy man, for his work is that of pictorial reporter; he can talk as he works, however, and he always finds time to offer his friends a cup of Russian tea or a glass of nalioki, a delicious Russian cordial. In addition to his newspaper labors, he does a large amount of work for Harper's, Scribner's, The Cosmopolitan Magazine, and other large publications. As a portraitist with pen and ink he is unexcelled. A great number of carefully considered and spiritedly executed illustrations have come from the hand of W. F. Hofacker within the past four years. Mr. Hofacker's experience as a newspaper artist began with his engagement on *The New York World*. After two years' service with this newspaper he joined the staff of *The New York Recorder*, and has signed drawings which the best of American newspaper illustrators might claim with pride. Hugo Von Hofsten is a newspaper illustrator who comes from Sweden, but whose ideas are quite American, and therefore breezy and original. In 1885 he came to America, hoping to find a wider field for his profession as illustrator, and has since then been connected with various publications in Chicago.



Drawn by J. Carleton Baker.

"IN THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS."



Drawn by Valerian Gribayedoff.

"THE GRAND OLD MAN."

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Charles Howard Johnson is not, strictly speaking, a newspaper artist, though many of his finest illustrations have been given publicity in *The New York Herald*. But twenty-six years of age, Mr. Johnson is widely known as a professional illustrator. Perhaps the very best drawings by Mr. Johnson are those published in *Life*.

Thirty-three years ago in Rochester, N. Y., J. H. Knickerbocker

was born. In 1879 he came to New York City and went to work on *The Graphic*. He remained with *The Graphic* nine years. He has since drawn for Frank Leslie's *Weekly*, *The New York Herald*, and the American Press Association. T. Kytko is not very widely known as a newspaper artist, though he is a man of high artistic talents. Charles Lederer is *The Chicago*

Herald's star artist. He not only makes pictures of all sorts—pictures serious, sad,



Drawn by J. H. Knickerbocker.
"A COUNTRY ROAD."

fifteen years old, when he was thrust out into the cold and became an engraver. In 1883 Mr. McDougall tells us he made the first cartoon ever printed in a daily paper. He was the first artist to make *news* sketches for a daily sheet. He has been on the stage, has written two books, and has drawn about seventeen thousand newspaper illustrations. Charles Mortimer is a World artist whose achievements are among the good things of current newspaper illustration. J. Franklin Van Sant is a newspaper caricaturist. J. Redman's range is wide and his method finished. C. H. Wright is an artist who can handle any subject with the pencil. H. T. Smith hails from the land of the Briton. W. J. Yeoell is an expert news illustrator. With careful presswork, and the use of fine paper, the illustrated news-sheet may some day rise to the dignity of a public art teacher.—ED.



Drawn by H. T. Smith.
"A GAME OF CARDS."

satirical, humorous, illustrative—but he leads and inspires writers. Carl Mauch is one of the successful foreign artists who have made the United States their permanent home. Mr. Mauch has lived here ever since the Franco Prussian War. A very busy man is Walt. McDougall. What he calls his speckled career began at Newark, N. J., in 1858. He was reared in luxury until he was



Drawn by Charles Lederer.
"TREASURY (ART) NOTES."

AROUND THE WORLD OF ART.

(With selected foreign illustrations.)

THE Twelfth Autumn Exhibition of the National Academy of Design will be opened to the public on Monday, December 18th. This show will close on Saturday, January 13, 1894.

Paintings will be received from Friday, November 24th, to Monday, November 27th, inclusive. The jury of selection is composed of the following artists: Messrs. E. H. Blashfield, J. R. Brevoort, J. B. Bristol, Geo. de Forest Brush, Charles Calverley, J. Wells Champney, M. F. H. de Haas, Fred-

erick Dielman, Frank Fowler, R. Swain Gifford, Hamilton Hamilton, William Hart, J. Scott Hartley, Robert C. Minor, Thomas Moran, J. Francis



Drawn by H. Schlittgen.

"WINDY WEATHER."

From Fliegende Blätter.



Drawn by Bac.

"SWEEPING HER OUT."

From Le Monde Comique.

Murphy, Walter L. Palmer, Walter Shirlaw, Wordsworth Thompson, and Carleton Wiggins. Messrs. Dielman, De Forest Brush, and Gifford compose the Hanging Committee. What will the harvest be?

By the confession of a prisoner in a Belgian jail a mystery of some seventeen years' standing has about been wiped away. The prisoner, who shields the rude name of Adam Wirth under the theatrical pseudonym of "Le Brigand Internationale," has declared himself the thief who stole the famous painting of the "Duchess of Devonshire," which set the art world agog

when it mysteriously disappeared on the night of May 24, 1876. The picture is believed to be a genuine Gainsborough. It was purchased from a Mrs. Magennis, in 1839, by a picture restorer of the name of Bentley. He gave £50 for it and was delighted with his bargain. It was then sold to Wynn Ellis for sixty guineas. As part of the latter's collection it was sold to the Messrs. Agnew at Christie's for £10,100.

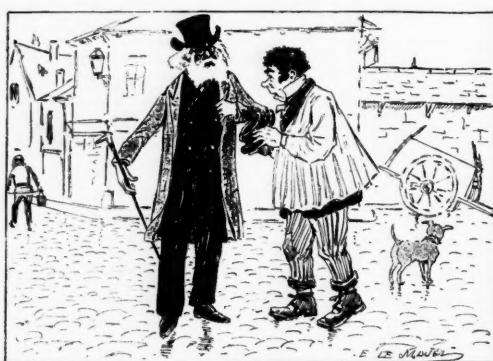
The dealers at once placed it in their galleries at 39 Bond Street, and London went wild over the picture. It monopolized the conversation of the day, and at public receptions women dressed after the fashion of the beautiful painted Duchess. Eighteen days after it came into Messrs. Agnew's possession it was left as usual, at eleven P.M., on the walls of the gallery. In the morning it had been cut from the frame and stolen. The Scotland Yard detectives



Drawn by E. T. Russell.

From *The Sketch*.

"A DEAF WITNESS."



Drawn by E. Le Mavre.

From *La Caricature*.

"A CASE OF IMBECILITY."

Messrs. Agnew had found these suspicions well grounded, and had burned the picture in disgust, starting the story of the theft in order to conceal their mortification. But neither rumors nor the reward brought out any facts, until, as the years went on, the £1,000 tempted the thief to nego-

took the matter in hand, and the owners offered £1,000 reward for its recovery. People who had doubted the genuineness of the work hinted that

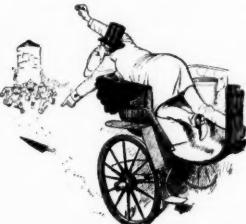
Drawn by Mars. From *Petit Journal*.

"CONTENTMENT."



tiate for the return of the picture. But he was too timid, and nothing came of the attempt.

For years he had the stolen Duchess, like a white elephant, on his hands. He was of American birth, about



*Drawn by A. Hengeler.
From Fliegende Blätter.
"GOOD INTENTIONS MISCARRIED."*

thirty years old at the time, and a robber by profession. A boldly planned felony put him in possession of £60,000, with which he lived like a king among the very people he had previously robbed. The picture was a constant menace to his safety, but he could not make up his mind to part with it. At last he landed in the Belgian prison, and, there being nothing to lose now, has made a partial confession, which he promises to supplement with the story of what finally became of the picture.

At Sainte-Foy in Alsace a curious archaeological discovery has been made. During the restoration of the church, which dates back to 1087, several tombs were found in a vault, and one of these enclosed a block of mortar with an imprint of a beautiful female bust and head. Artists and archaeologists are earnestly trying to solve the problem of a mould in which nothing remains but a human contour. M. Dacheux has explained the thing by supposing that lime filtering



*Drawn by George Du Maurier.
From London Punch.*

"A SPEECH TO BE LIVED DOWN."

through the soil hardened it over the body of the exquisitely formed woman, and in this manner made the mysterious mould.

John W. Casilear, one of the oldest members of the National Academy of Design, died at Saratoga, N. Y., on August 17th. Mr. Casilear was a man of liberal views and much genuine culture.



Drawn by Job.



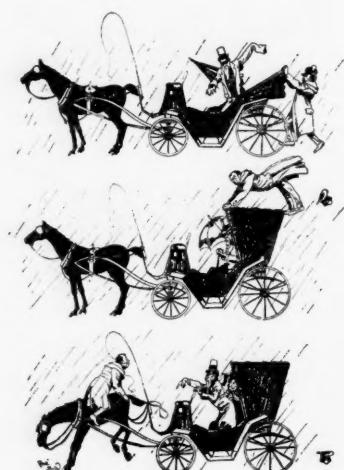
From Pick-Me-Up.



"YE TRAGEDY OF TWO PUGS AND A NAP."

at so much per hour, or genius developed under the inspiration of picture dealers' cheques.

Carl Mueller, the well-known German painter and director of the Academy of Art at Düsseldorf, Germany, is dead. Herr Mueller was born in Darmstadt in 1818. He studied in his father's studio and under the renowned Herr Schadow. He was one of the decorators of the



Drawn by René Bull. From The Sketch.

"THE DANGEROUS PATENT SPRING HOOD."



Drawn by R. Caton Woodville. From The Sketch.

"A FISH STORY."

magnificent church of St. Apollinaire at Remagen. His best known frescoes were "The Nativity" and "The Marriage of the Virgin," "The Annunciation," "The Visitation," and "The Enthronement." He sent to the Paris Exposition in 1855 the paintings, "The Last Supper," "The Virgin Mary and the Infant Jesus," and "The Annunciation." At the Paris Salon of 1853 he was represented by a painting of the Holy Family. His religious paintings were considered his best works.

It matters little what an artist paints, so that he carries with his painting the conviction that art holds something higher than a piece of canvas and a pot of color. It is one thing to turn out a picture pleasing to the rabble, and quite another to produce an honest work of art genuinely pleasing to the man who made it. Masterpieces are not made

